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"TWO'S COMPANY."

BY J. LIBGEL.

Among those crusts of common sense,
Our saws and dittons, grave and gay,
Wit's counters, Wisdom's copper pence—
All some of us can find to pay!—
I note, for fearless of decay,
For universal as the sun,
The sentence, mock at it who may,
"Two's company, and three is none!"

Who made it? What was the offence
That sped it on its endless way?
Whose the obtuse impertinence?
Came it from knights at feast or fray,
Or bumpkins "tumbling in the hay?"
Was it in fury, or in fun?
"Two's company, and three is none?"

O, interlopers dull and dense,
Should it not scatter your array,
And teach that we would have you hence?—
Leave Rook and Pigeon to their play!
Leave Captain X. to Mrs. A.!
Leave, leave the debtor to his dun,
Jack to Jill, the tramp to tray:
"Two's company, and three is none."

So should you ever stumble and stray
Into a duo not yet done,
Remember, though you'd like to stay,
"Two's company, and three is none."

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

BY ELTON ELSMORE.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

HE looked as though undergoing excessive bodily pain with Spartan-like resolve and composure, and the young barrister's tender heart smote him for thus plaguing a man who must really be so ill, and who did not appear, after all half so hard and unpleasant to deal with as he had been led to anticipate.

"I am afraid you are not well sir," he could not help saying; "our time is so very short or I——

"Not well!" said Mr. Ricarbo, starting as thought he had been shot; "not well!—perfectly so, I assure you, never better. What on earth could put such a notion into your head, sir?—I am quite well and happy—never more so," he added, looking round fiercely, with flushed cheeks and angry defiant eyes.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Ralph. "I fancied you seemed in pain, but am heartily glad I was mistaken."

Angry with himself for having made a wrong move, and possibly, through uncalled-for officiousness, lost the advantage he hoped to have almost gained, Ralph sedulously turned his eyes from the master of the house and fixed them on the screen opposite.

As they wandered almost unconsciously over its surface he fancied he saw it move, while at the same time there was a slight noise, as of the flutter of female garments. Mr. Ricarbo evidently heard the sound also for he rushed precipitately towards that end of the room, and for an instant disappeared himself behind the screen; on emerging he addressed himself once more to Ralph in a most affable manner, as if anxious to atone for the fierce abruptness of his last speech.

"Well, Mr. Humphry," said he, "I do not see any objection to promising that I will do as much as you ask for this person provided I see no reason to alter my views before the time comes, and that you send me the authority."

"From Mr. Levingstone?" said Ralph. "Thank you, sir. I will see him shortly, and hope to be able to send you his authority very soon afterwards."

Ralph rose to take leave, and Mr. Ricarbo resumed his favorite position on the hearth-rug, with his back almost turned to his visitor.

"I don't fancy you have much real hope for your client, sir," he said, hesitatingly; "at least, I fear not, from the papers and all—— That letter I never got is rather against him," he added, and he looked quickly round.

Ralph thought these looks very disagreeable, and he did not wonder that people who only knew him in a business way, and judged him by his general manner, had no high opinion of Mr. Ricarbo.

"Yes," he replied, quietly; "that is certainly a most unfortunate item in the evidence. Still letters do miscarry sometimes, and are even lost altogether, as in this instance."

"Ah, yes" said Mr. Ricarbo. "Still, it is rather an unlucky fact, you allow? Well, good morning sir."

Ralph was advancing down the hall towards the front door when he heard another door sharply open.

There was a quick gliding movement, the sweep of a dress, and suddenly there stood before him, right in his path, a tall, dark woman, with large and lustrous, but wild-looking eyes, and beautiful black hair, which now hung, however, in some disorder round her pale long face.

She bore a singular likeness to Mr. Ricarbo, but was a very decided improvement on that gentleman's original stamp, and though she looked haggard and worn, so that it was impossible to judge her age, she might well be young enough to be his child. She put her hand on Ralph's arm, stared wistfully into his face for a moment with wild, searching eyes and parted lips, then in a low distinct whisper, and with an accent of intense suffering, she asked, "When will he come? He is well now. He must be, you know, af——"

"Guiletta!" shouted Mr. Ricarbo.

She started — trembled. Mr. Ricarbo stood beside them, with eyes in which was almost fierce reproof, looking into hers, and firmly, but with tolerable gentleness, he removed the clasped hand from Ralph's arm, and pointed to the door whence she had come.

"Go in Guiletta," said he; "go in. You have quite startled this gentleman, you see"

She gave one glance at Ralph; such a strange mixture of entreaty and anxiety, that it haunted him long afterwards. There was a look too of fearful submission towards her father. She then disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

There was an instant's painful pause; then Mr. Ricarbo said, "My daughter, Mr. Humphry; she has been suffering much of late, and, poor thing, scarcely knows what she does or says. Forgive her; she has been very ill."

Ralph, of course murmured his sorrow and sympathy, and then hastened away, as it was quite evident Mr. Ricarbo was now impatient to be rid of him.

"Poor man!" said Ralph, as he mused on the strange incident which had closed his first visit at the house, "no wonder he looks ill; and that poor girl—what a magnificent pair of eyes! She must have been a dazzling creature once, I should think; how very sad! I had forgotten what Levingstone said about Ricarbo's daughter's illness, or that he had one, till I saw that singular apparition.

"Her brain is decidedly touched, I fear. Poor man!"

Ralph walked home quite differently impressed by Mr. Ricarbo, in every way, from what he had expected, being surprised that the one from whom he had hoped the least had shown more mercy and sympathy with his unhappy client's case, than the other, on whose leniency he had almost depended. Still, as he was the brother, it was perhaps but natural.

* * * * * *

The time passed rapidly on — much too rapidly for Ralph, who had failed in every effort he had made either to discover any proof of William Bertram's innocence sufficiently strong to be made available on the trial, or to induce either of the prosecutors to themselves take any measures for mitigating his doom, should the result of it be what every one—Ralph included—but too surely anticipated.

Every one?—no, not Jessie. She still rested in her old secure hope and trust, which had grown stronger and stronger since Ralph had taken up the case, and which no disappointments, rapidly as they succeeded each other, seemed powerful enough to lessen, much less to destroy. Worn, anxious, miserable as the poor girl looked and felt, she was yet hopeful, and spoke so to Bertram and to Ralph, buoying them both up, unconsciously to themselves, with a little of her sanguine spirit.

Ralph's utmost efforts had failed in persuading Mr. Alfred Levingstone to authorise Mr. Ricarbo to speak for Bertram in both their names.

All he could obtain was the concession, "Ricarbo might do as he liked, but he would have nothing to do with it," while Ricarbo wholly declined to stir in the matter unless expressly commissioned to do so by Mr. Levingstone.

So there was utter failure of any hope from that quarter.

Not one step, however onerous in itself, or small the advantage to be expected from it, did Ralph omit to take in gaining full knowledge of every particular connected with all the parties concerned, not only with the case, but with them and their belongings in every way for many years back, and no pains did he spare in tracing Bertram's whole previous life.

Could witnesses to character avail anything, there was enough and to spare subpœnaed to attend in the prisoner's behalf on the trial.

Ralph had gone to the country village where Bertram lived till he entered Mr. Levingstone's warehouse.

The clergyman was the same who had recommended him to his post — known him all his life, except for the first sixteen months of it, had visited and comforted his mother in her widowed poverty, and at last buried her; knew all about Jessie, too, another orphaned parishioner, the story of her love, her engagement to Bertram, but not altogether the history of their present position and griefs, till Ralph Humphry explained it to him.

Inexpressibly shocked he appeared, and almost as incredulous as Jessie as to the possibility of the prisoner's guilt. He had known and liked Mr. Levingstone much, but he liked Bertram, in his way, scarcely less, and felt for him, besides, all the interest of a kind protector for an old *protege*. He offered to come to town at once if he could do any good; promised to see the poor lad often, and begged earnestly to be summoned as a witness to his character, before Humphry had asked him if he were willing to be so; and much and long did he perplex himself over all the mysterious circumstances of the murder, and earnestly hope the truth should come out in a short time.

All this added much to Ralph's anxiety, while it confirmed his own convictions respecting Bertram, and made him doubly earnest to find out some way of escape for him.

But hitherto all had failed with him, and in his secret heart he was both desponding and unhappy, believing the poor prisoner's fate sealed, and his own prospects as unpromising and hopeless as they could well be.

Nevertheless, he did not relax his efforts. Whatever might be the result, he was resolved no exertions of any sort or hard work either should be wanting, and from morning to night, and far into the night itself, was he now constantly occupied with the most minute, and as others would have thought, most useless researches and re-examinations of every detail connected even in the remotest way with his client, and the crime of which he stood accused.

The young barrister had not even time to write to his beloved Mary.

Indeed, knowing how completely his own fortune and hers were staked on the issue of this trial, he felt he could not do so. He had not time to write frankly of all he did, and said, and thought, as usual; and in any different style he could not write to Mary.

Briefly he had at first informed her he was employed in what he had (perhaps foolishly) undertaken — the help of people whose case was considered absolutely hopeless by his brethren in the law, and himself a ninny for being concerned in it; but he added he could not but believe the accused innocent, and deserving of all he could do; and so he had thought Mary would agree with him, that he was in duty bound to help when applied to, even at the risk of failure not only of their cause, but his own and her prospects; and he had taken their part.

"Did Mary think him right?"

Soon came the answer, and decided. Yes, Mary did think him right. He was quite so to help any one, at whatever risk, if he was deserving; and his help must do good, and be successful, she was very sure; and even if not, she would much rather suffer for and with him under failure, than that he should turn from his fellow-men in distress.

But she was more hopeful than Ralph; for she considered that when people were innocent, Heaven does not let them suffer wrongfully to the end; and she firmly believed Ralph would sooner or later bring those poor people out of their misery. Let him go on and prosper, and not mind writing to her while he was so busy. She would wait.

Ralph sighed, and looked at the letter more than once, blessed the hopeful, trusting spirit of gentle womankind, and felt comforted to know that, come what might, think him a foolhardy simpleton who might there was one who would not blame, but think he had acted well, even though the venture should cost his future prospects in life, postpone for ever that long-delayed success which he and Mary had yearned after for years.

So he went on earnestly, working day and night; and Mary, far away, went about her daily avocations, and thought of Ralph, prayed for him and his cause, and waited patiently, or at least tried to do so, as women must do.

* * * * * *

One day Ralph Humphry was making one of his many visits to William Bertram, when, after a long talk about the firm, and people connected with it, the recollections of Mr. Ricarbo's daughter, and her strange apparition to himself, recurred to Ralph. He had not had time to reflect much about the occurrence since the immediate time when it happened; but now it came fully back to his memory, with all the speculations and curiosity it then caused him, and he determined to ask Bertram if he knew anything of that wild-looking woman.

"No, sir," was William's reply; "I never did more than catch a glimpse of her, and I have never heard much about her from any one likely to know, though at one time there was a good deal of talk about her amongst us in the warehouse, for a report got about that she was to be Mr. Levingstone's wife."

"Indeed!" cried Ralph, startled; "do you think there was any truth in it?"

"Not exactly, sir," replied William. "I never knew all the circumstances, but my poor master used to go there at one time

very often, and I fancy that gave rise to the report.

"I knew it was about some troublesome business of the firm connected with one of our Italian correspondents, but then other people didn't, and so they thought he went to see the daughter when he was there so many times to dine, and in the evening, when there was no party; but I never once thought of that. Mr. Levingstone never seemed like a marrying man."

"Did you ever hear him speak of Miss Ricarbo?" inquired Ralph.

"Not often, sir; but he was very reserved, you know, and it was not likely he would talk at all on that subject if he had any notion of what people had got in their heads. However, he did once or twice mention her as a fine, striking girl, very much like her mother."

"He knew Mrs. Ricarbo, then?" said Ralph.

"Oh yes, sir; I never knew him speak of any one so much or so warmly as of her. She died some years back, and my dear master felt her death very much. He did talk to me about her a good deal then.

"She was younger than her husband, and a true passionate Italian girl, my master said, when she came from Italy to her cold northern home.

"I always thought though he never said so, that she did not find her husband much warmer or brighter than the climate, and that was why she pined here for something more congenial to herself and her old home."

"Italian was she?" said Ralph; "and Mr. Ricarbo has some Italian blood in his veins too, I should fancy?"

"I believe so, sir; at least, his family came from Italy years ago I have understood, and our correspondents there were introduced through him — connections of his: but Mrs. Ricarbo was altogether Italian born and bred, and never out of the country till her marriage.

"She was never really well after she came over I believe; and my master was often sending her little presents of statues, and things of that sort, that would recall her old home, and he visited her too; so it was very natural he should take a good deal of notice of her daughter without ever having marriage in his head."

"Yes," said Ralph.

"But Miss Ricarbo: do you imagine she ever thought of it in connection with her mother's friend.

"Really, sir, I cannot say. I never had any chance of judging," replied Bertram: he then reflected for a moment, and added, musingly, "She came to the warehouse once or twice at the time the report of the marriage got about; but I only saw her passing from the private rooms to the carriage, and there was always some fresh business new from Italy, through private sources, to be told me after she left; so I never thought she came for any other purpose than to bring her father's message. But, certainly, my master did seem a little troubled and more reserved than ever just after he left off going to the Terrace so much; but I never before had a thought it could have anything to do with the young lady."

"And you do now?" said Ralph.

"No, sir; or, at least, I should not, if your questions had not put it into my head, and I don't know that it was so now.

"I only tell you all that really happened, and I know to be true, and what other people said."

"Which, most likely, is not very true, you would add," said Ralph, smiling; but he looked thoughtful.

"Miss Ricarbo is young, I suppose; younger than Mr. Levingstone was?"

"Oh yes, sir, she must be several years younger; she was nearly a child when I first came into the firm.

"I remember myself taking her my master's birthday present one year.

"He showed it to me first, and it was for quite a young girl.

"Besides, now I come to think of it, I remember hearing from the oldest servant in our house a story of my master's young days; so, certainly, sir, he could not have had an eye to Miss Ricarbo, I am pretty well sure."

"What! an old love, I suppose? Ah William? men outlive these things now-a-days, and find plenty of room for successors."

"Yes, no doubt some do, sir; but I don't think my master was of that sort, and it was no common story either.

"He had been long engaged to a very beautiful young lady, and the day for the marriage was fixed.

"It was the very evening before, that she went up with a party on the river to meet and bring him back for the ball they were going to have, when, just as they got in sight of the point where he was waiting for them, a coal-barge ran foul of their little pleasure-boat, and upset it. Every one was saved but herself. She went to the bottom at once, and never rose.

"Jerrard told me he did not think his master had ever been the same man since. It happened just in front of the very house at Richmond he afterwards went to live in, and Jerrard told me he thought it was because of that he chose it."

"A sad story, indeed," said Ralph. "Are you sure it is quite a true one?"

"Well, yes, sir, I think that is true. Jerrard is a trusted and faithful old servant, had lived with old Mr. Levingstone for years, and doted on our master."

"Jerrard," said Ralph, "is he not one of the warehouse men?"

"Yes, sir, the oldest; a respectable-looking, grey-haired man."

"I remember," said Ralph. "Very fond of Mr. Levingstone, too, you say?"

"He spoke of him as if he had been his own son, sir, and was as fond and watchful of him, when my master allowed him, as a woman could be."

"And yet, William, for all that, he is the very man who spoke most warmly for you when I went to the warehouse.

"I did not tell you before what character I got of you there. They all seemed your friends—but that old man above any one. I recollect well his coming out to me after I had come away, to ask more particularly about you, and saying, as he stood before me with tears in his eyes, 'God knows the truth, sir, but that Mr. Bertram did that, I can't believe—it's against nature.

"'I'd as soon credit my blessed young master had done it to himself, which I know he didn't, as that he'd done it—the best, and steadiest, and most God-fearing lad as ever come into our house. No, sir, it's all in a mist and a fog: and I can't even think of what one knows for certain clear yet; but whatever comes to light, if any light's to come at all, it must be that that poor young lad's innocent.'"

The tears stood in Bertram's eyes as Ralph slowly repeated the very words of the old clerk.

"Poor Jerrard!" he murmured; "he's a good honest old soul."

"I think he is," said Ralph. "His having been so old and attached a servant of the Levingstone firm will make his evidence doubly valuable to us. And now, good-by, Bertram, and keep a firm heart to the end, if you can."

Ralph pressed his client's hand as he rose to go.

It was one of the last days before the trial, and no light that Ralph could see had as yet pierced old Jerrard's fog.

The advice he gave William he sorely needed for himself.

As he walked on to his chambers, Ralph thought of all he had heard, and what sad pages of human life Bertram's sketches of the Levingstone and Ricarbo antecedents had opened before him.

"Poor thing!" he muttered, as he opened the door, "It's likely enough she may have loved him, if he could not love her. No wonder, if it was so, that, with her warm Southern blood, these sad events have nearly overturned her brain."

CHAPTER VI.

IT was the day of the trial. Bright shone the pleasant May sun even through the dull windows of Ralph Humphry's chambers; and a lark, hanging in a cage from an adjoining window, tried hard to convince Ralph and other people that he was really enjoying the lovely Spring morning by singing lustily and loud as he stood on his six-inch square of turf in the midst of his wicker prison-house.

Ralph started from the feverish, unrefreshing slumber into which he at last fell, after spending the chief part of the night walking restlessly up and down his own chamber, striving yet to see a gleam of light in the darkness which he had striven to pierce before so unremittingly, his very reason seeming nearly to fail him, from the intensity of its exercise on this one point.

He looked out at window; the merry lark's song, the sunlight dancing on the water, the blue sky, all seemed in its joyousness to mock at the misery of the world, the special misery of the case which was filling his own soul, above all.

He turned away, sick at heart, and for a moment sat down in utter despair, almost ready to give up all this last moment. He had had a miserable office the night before, commissioned by his client to go to Jessie after she should have returned from her daily prison visit, to prepare her for what must be on the morrow, and, above all, dissuade her from being present at the trial, which she had firmly resolved to be. Ralph went and found her terribly excited, but still utterly disbelieving what seemed so sure now, even to the few who had hoped against hope.

Mrs. Granton, the lady in whose family she had lived for some years as nursery governess, who was fond of her, and who kindly kept her in her house still, though her employment had been given up just before Mr Levingstone's death, in expectation of her marriage with Bertram, was trying to comfort and soothe her.

On Ralph's first entrance Jessie sprang towards him, hoping that he brought good news: and the reaction, when she found her mistake, was fearful to witness.

It was a long time before she was calm enough to listen quietly to anything, and still longer ere he could gently enter on his wretched task, and endeavor to damp the wild hope on which she had lived so long. Nor did he succeed in doing this. He made her more miserable: but that was all: she refused to think it possible that William would be condemned.

"God is just," she said, frantically; "so how dared they think He would let Bertram die like that?"

After striving vainly to perform this part of his mission, Ralph tenderly proceeded to the other half. This was at first still worse.

"Not go to the trial?" she said.

"Who would dare to keep me away? no one—no, not William himself."

She wildly muttered something of speaking for him herself, if no one else would; but when Ralph gave her her lover's message, in his own loving words, though it was as useless in altering her resolve, it had a different—a beneficial effect.

The tears, denied to her poor hot eyes all day, sprung naturally as those words from him fell on her ears.

She wept long and softly, and though she bade Ralph "tell William she could not do as he wished in this—she should go mad or die if she did—she must be there and know all that was done at once;" she bade him good-night very quietly, and he had the satisfaction of leaving her calm, though utterly cast down and sorrowful.

Mrs. Granton followed Ralph to the door, to express her kind, simple commiseration for Jessie, and ask his opinion of her young lover.

"He always seemed such a respectable young man," she said, "but still we hear of such horrid things in these days, and it is hard to know what people really are. Jessie is a dear good girl, and I am so sorry for her and she herself does not at all understand about this terrible thing; but still William is her lover, and that might perhaps blind her——"

Mrs. Granton said more of the same sort; but Ralph's own heart was too full and heavy to allow of his doing more than assure the simply lady that he believed Bertram as worthy as Jessie and as innocent as himself, and then he hurried home to be haunted by Jessie's wan face for three parts of the night, and to dream for the short remainder of himself being hooted out of a full court, vainly trying to drag Mary after him, while an angry-looking judge pulled her vehemently back.

His first waking thoughts, however, again returned to Jessie, and all his manly strength of resolve well-nigh forsook him, when he thought of the misery she must endure ere that day closed.

Had he not been deceiving himself, too, all this time? Was there not more self-confidence and presumption, than humanity and honest desire to serve the distressed, in the motives which had urged this mad undertaking? Chivalrous as it had once appeared to him, it now wore another aspect than that of an idiotic piece of Quixotism.

The city clocks chimed, and Ralph started from his reverie.

Vainly unheeded had their strokes fallen on his ear for the last hour; but now he rose hurriedly, for they told him that the hour he had promised to be with his client had already come.

He therefore took a hasty breakfast, and proceeded to the prison.

A warm grasp of the hand was all the greeting which passed between the two. Bertram was very pale but collected, evidently well prepared for the trying ordeal awaiting him.

Only a few words had been spoken, and Ralph had but just related his evening's interview with Jessie, when William said, "By the bye, sir, will you do me one more favor? Return to Mr. Alfred Levingstone my latch-key of the private entrance to the warehouse, and tell him I am very sorry it was not given to him long ago, as it ought to have been.

"The truth is, I never thought of it till this morning, when I was thinking over all the little things I had to settle. I always kept the key alone in a secret pocket, so it was not taken when I was searched, and has never been out of my possession since that miserable night.

"Those terrible days drove every thought but one out of my head. Here is the key, sir."

William, who had been diving into an inner pocket of his waistcoat while he spoke, handed Ralph a peculiarly constructed latch-key without looking at it himself. He did not dare to risk his hard-earned composure by doing so; the sight of the familiar object would have unnerved him; the very touch was almost too much, by recalling, so painfully as it did, happy past days.

Ralph, however, did look at the key, grasped it, and as he did so, an electric thrill shot through his whole frame.

He smothered the exclamation on his lips, struggled, and successfully, for calmness, and said in a low but indifferent tone, "Yes, William, I will do your errand. The key, you say has not left your pocket since that night?"

"No," replied William; "I used it last when posting that last letter you remember, sir."

"Ay," said Ralph, "it is a very peculiar key. Did it go easily?"

"Oh yes, very," replied William. "The lock was a patent one, with a particular improvement of my master's own. He paid a good price for it, I remember, on condition that his order should be the only one receiving it."

"Even in the dark I supposed the spring was easily found," said Ralph.

"Very easily," said Bertram. "But, now you speak of the dark, sir, I remember that night having a little difficulty. I though something was wrong with it, and meant to look in the morning, but I forgot all about it till now, and I dare say it was only my being more hurried than usual, made it troublesome. The old proverb, sir," added Bertram, and he tried to smile, though he hardly succeeded.

"Ah!" said Ralph. "The woman, did she come in this way?"

"Oh no, sir, by the warehouse," was the quick reply.

"No one could get to the private rooms and stores from the large warehouse; but we from the private room had access to the warehouse, and she was always admitted that way by Mr. Levingstone. No one employed in the office had the private entrance key but myself."

"No, of course; I thought so," said Ralph, absently; and rising, he added, "I must leave you now, Bertram. Perhaps you will not see me again till after the trial; but whatever happens, keep a good heart, and trust in God, He is very merciful and just."

The young man's voice faltered as he pronounced the last words solemnly, and before Bertram could answer, he was gone, somewhat abruptly the poor fellow thought as he would fain have had some last words with him before being summoned into court.

"But," though he, "he is a gentle-hearted man for a lawyer, and perhaps he thought my talk might have unnerved him for his work. He need not have been afraid though."

Poor William's heart swelled within him. He had wished to speak with his counsel on many things this last morning, but, above all, about Jessie, and he had also wished to tell him how he intended to behave, and what he would say at the bar, provided he could preserve the calm, resigned frame of mind when there to which he had now brought himself; but as Ralph left him so suddenly, he could hardly help feeling as if his last friend had deserted him.

Though reason and experience told him otherwise, William could not shake off this impression, struggle as he might, and the despondency which crept over him nearly robbed him of his hardy-worked-for composure ere the time arrived when it would be most needed.

Meanwhile Ralph hurried from the prison at a pace which made the old porter turn to look at him more than once, and mutter "One 'ud think he'd just 'scaped hisself, and was afeard o' being took agin."

As Ralph was hastening towards the other end of the town, a cab rolled rapidly past. He caught a moment's glimpse of its occupants, and the sight of their faces made him pause for a moment, and look anxiously at his watch. It still wanted some time to the hour appointed for Bertram's trial. Mr. Levingstone's impatience had driven him up to Mr. Ricarbo's house, and induced that gentleman to accompany him to the Court unnecessarily early; so Ralph rightly conjectured, as he for a moment turned his head to watch the rapid pace at which the prosecutors were being conveyed to the scene of action. "And better so," he muttered, and then leapt into a Hanson, and was driven at yet greater speed in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER VII.

"PRISONER at the bar, what say you—Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

The tone was so firm that it was heard throughout the whole Court, and many a head turned towards the accused with surprise written on every feature.

Those who had been present at his committal scarcely believed it could be the same voice they had then listened to with such loathing—such conviction of his guilt; nor did they recognize the face more easily.

Pale and suffering it looked, but there was intelligence and calm resignation in his eyes, shedding their light over the whole man, and contrasting marvellously with the overwhelming stupor and insert confusion which had so strongly characterized his appearance on the previous occasion.

"Hang it, what a brazen face the fellow puts upon it!" whispered Alfred Levingstone to Mr. Ricarbo, who only answered by an inclination of his head, without looking towards the dock.

The same idea seemed to strike the judge, one of the most benevolent as well as most acute who ever sat on that tribunal.

He looked suddenly and fixedly at the prisoner, whose eyes never once flinched under that piercing scrutiny.

His lordship felt surprised, though not a muscle moved in his well-trained face.

Bertram was not precisely the sort of person he had expected to pass judgment on that day.

He bent down to whisper a word or two to his clerk, glanced for a few seconds over the papers given into his hand, and then the counsel for the prosecution was called on to proceed.

This gentleman's address to the Court was short, but to the purpose.

He himself was a well-known, well-tried man, and believing in the success of his cause, and the guilt of the prisoner far too certain to require any arguments to prove it, he briefly stated the case, slightly touching on what were considered its aggravating circumstances, and finished up by saying that as the witnesses he should call must prove the prisoner's guilt beyond a question he would not occupy the time of the Court by any elaboration of facts.

The first witness called was the deceased Mr. Levingstone's medical man, who gave the history of his patient's very slight indisposition and perfect recovery, so instantly followed by his sudden death from a strong dose of poison, administered to ignorantly that the post-mortem examination scarcely been necessary to prove its existence as the cause of death.

He also deposed confidently, that this poison must have been given in the interval between his late visit to his patient at night, and his arrival early the next morning on the hasty summons of one of his clerks.

The fact of Bertram's having been with the deceased, and Bertram only, all that night, was then proved, not only by the old woman who "tidied the house," the tavern waiter, and several of the clerks and porters, who deposed to leaving him there at night and finding him there next morning, but by the prisoner's own statement on the inquest, which statement, when applied to now, he quietly confirmed, though warned by the judge that it was not compulsory on him to criminate himself by any admission of the sort.

Bertram's quiet answer again startled some among the crowd.

"Thank you, my lord, but I have nothing to hide," said he: "what I said at first is true, and I have no wish to contradict it now."

"He's a cool hand anyhow," whispered one officer of the Court to another.

"Confusion seize the fellow! Did you ever hear anything like that, Ricarbo?" cried the excited Mr. Levingstone: "he stands there like a statue: why don't you look at him, man?"

"A very extraordinary person is this poisoner," remarked to his neighbor one scrutinising old gentleman, who had frequented criminal courts as his great recreation for some years past.

"Can that man indeed be guilty?" was the thought of more than one spectator as they listened to his words and watched his face.

Once more the judge looked steadily towards the dock, though for any sentiment visibly expressed on his face he might have been gazing on a stone wall.

However, it was not a very usual thing for a judge even to appear to look so often at a prisoner whose guilt was considered a matter of certainty before his trial.

Mr. Ricarbo noticed it, and whispered to his companion, whose answer was given loudly enough, almost too much so for a court of justice.

"Eh, what nonsense man," said Mr. Levingstone. "Besides, he can't make any difference; the whole thing's as plain as a pike-staff, and it's those twelve fellows up there that will have to settle it.

"No judge could alter the verdict, if he was Humphry himself, and even he can't say what he thinks here, you know.

"He'll have to confine himself to facts, and they'll be few enough to weigh against ours, I expect.

"He may think his client as guilty as we do, for all the people will hear of his own convictions in this place.

"No, no, man, never fear, we'll have him sentenced before we leave, depend on it."

Ricarbo shuddered as Mr. Levingstone spoke rapidly and eagerly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Truant Heart.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

TELL ME you love me—love me with all your heart," Charles Freeland said, passionately, holding his betrothed close to his heart.

She was a fair, dark-eyed girl, by name Marian Dale, only recently orphaned, and the heiress of Oakland with a moderate income. She did not blush or tremble under her lover's craving eyes and thrilling voice, and her tone was low and gentle, as she said, "You know that I love you, Charley; that I have loved you all my life!"

"And will you be my wife in October?"

"Yes. Father wished me not to postpone our wedding."

"October!" he said, sighing; "and this is only April. If I could only be with you until we are married!"

"But I thought you must go to Italy?"

"Yes; it is an imperative duty. Clara writes me that her husband is not benefited by travel, and cannot live many weeks. She must not be alone when that blow falls and to whom can she look if not to her only brother? She has been such a good sister to me."

"I know it. I would not keep you from her, Charley, thought it will be very desolate when you are gone. You will write often?"

"As often as possible."

It was a tender farewell Marian gave him her soft eyes dim with tears, and yet there was ever in his heart the doubt of her perfect love.

"She can love!" he thought, sitting wakeful and impatient in the swiftly rolling train. "She loved her father, and she loves her aunt Jessie; but she gives me only the quiet affection that comes from our long intercourse, and marries me because it was her father's wish! While I—I would drain out my heart's blood for her! How can I win her to love me?"

Once in Italy his task proved a harder one than he had anticipated. His sister's husband lingered longer than the most hopeful thought possible, and Charley was himself prostrate by malarial fever, and recovered but slowly in the poisoned atmosphere.

It was Christmas instead of October when he once more presented himself at Oakland.

In all these long months he had kept up a constant correspondence with Marian, and not one line of her letters prepared him for any change in her.

It was, therefore, a shock to Charles to find Marian changed from a tender, trustful girl, loving and sweet, to a sad woman, whose pale face bore traces of deep, lasting sorrow.

Not such sacred sorrow as Charles had seen there when her father died; but a restless, consuming, ever present misery, at whose source he could not even guess. She shrank from his embrace, although she tried to hide the fact: she grew pale as his lips pressed her brow, and never kissed him, as of old she had done, frankly, as a sister.

What had changed her?

A miserable doubt he tried in vain to conquer consumed Charles, and at last, unable to bear the suspense, he questioned Mrs. Martine, the Aunt Jessie who had been Marian's second mother since her own died, in her childhood.

"Aunt Jessie," he said, finding the gentle old lady alone, one morning, "who visited you while I was in Italy?"

"Visited us! We had no company last summer, Charles. You forget we were in mourning."

"But was there no one here?"

"Oh, yes! Roy Martine was here!"

"Roy Martine?"

"My husband's nephew. You have never met him. Indeed, he has been abroad for years, traveling with an uncle who half adopted him. It was rather a hard case. Mr. Hugh Martin, as I said, half adopted Roy, and brought him up to expect to be his heir, though Roy is an artist and has studied in Italy.

"But about a year ago Mr. Hugh Martine married an Italian countess, and Roy was not welcome to her. So he has come back to England, with a very small income his father left him, and taken a studio in London. He came for a week, to see me, but we kept him nearly all summer."

"Did—did—Marian seem to care for him?"

"Well, naturally they were together most of the time, and Roy is one of those brilliant kind of men we generally find only in books. He sings beautifully, and is full of pleasant chat; witty, without ever making a buffoon of himself, and able to talk of what he has seen without being egotistical."

"He is an artist, you say?"

"Yes; and he writes me he is having some success in London as a portrait painter. He had letters to some of the most prominent noblemen.

"I hope he will succeed, for he took me a little into his confidence just before he went away, and I think his poverty stands in the way of his marrying.

"He said very little; Roy is not the kind of stuff to wail love-sick sentiment, but he hinted at a hopeless affection, and it can only be poverty. I am sure that stands in his way. He is one of the few handsome men you see in a lifetime."

Charles could bear no more.

"Marian is in the garden, you said?" he remarked, and carelessly as he could.

"Yes. Do not let me keep you, Charley!"

So he escaped, but he did not go to the garden. Perfectly at home, he shut himself in a little room Mr. Dale had called his "den," half library and study, half smoking room, a cosy corner for pleasant solitude.

But neither book nor cigar tempted Charles. He threw himself into a deep arm-chair, and drew mental contrasts between this handsome, brilliant artist and his commonplace self.

He was not handsome, though his face was one to win love and confidence, it was so manly and good. He had no accomplishments, no brilliancy.

Not once did his thoughts insult Marian by supposing that the fact of his wealth influenced her. Too well he guessed now the cause of her pale face and forced smiles. She was striving to be true to her promise, and obey her father, to force her heart back to an allegiance it had forsaken.

Yet he must not act hastily. His life's happiness was trembling in the balance, and Marian's must not be lightly risked.

Long he sat in sad self-communing, his whole heart stirred, and yet above all pain, above all prospect of sorrow, he set Marian's happiness. There is such love in this selfish world. Heaven-sent, but it is rare indeed.

It was not in Charles' nature to cherish deception, and self-deception was no temptation to him. He did not once think he could win back a love never wholly his own, if once it had gone into the keeping of another. Only he must be sure.

His resolve was taken at last. Without seeing Marian he ransacked the card-rack, and, as he expected, found Roy Martine's card and address there. Then he penned a hasty note, pleading sudden business, went back to the little country hotel that was his home when he visited Oakland, and took the first train for London.

Not until the next morning could he nerve himself for an interview with Roy Martine.

He found him in a "sky parlor" in Regent street, painting busily, and his heart sank as he took in the beauty of his genius lighted face, enhanced by the picturesque velvet jacket.

The smile with which the artist welcomed a possible customer faded into a stern, set pallor, as Charles introduced himself.

"I see you know my name," Charles said; "possibly you guess my errand?"

"I shall wait to hear it from you," was the curt reply.

"It is one more suited to the age of chivalry than to this prosaic nineteenth century," Charles said, trying to smile, "and one which demands frankness on your part as well as mine. If you cannot believe I come as a true friend to you, as well as to one I think is dear to both of us, I had better leave my errand unsaid."

One long, searching look the artist gave into the true eyes that met his own, and then silently held out his hand.

"That is well!" Charles said, gently, as he grasped it. "We both love her?"

Roy only bowed his head.

"But she never loved me," Charles said, sadly.

"Never loved you! Have I not left her because she would not listen to one word of mine, her word being given to you?"

"True! Her word, not her heart. Do you think she loves you?"

"You try me hard, but I will be frank. I am sure she loves me; but you need not fear. She will be true to you, if it kills her."

"And do you think I, who love her, would give her one hour of pain? I will stay in London one week.

"If you write me from Oakland that you are mistaken, I will return there. If you win her, I will set out again for the Continent. I have written a few lines for you to take to Marian. Will you read them?"

They were very brief to contain a whole heart's history:

"MY DARLING:—I love you too well not to see that you are suffering. If I have rightly guessed what causes you pain, be sure I shall not be unhappy if you accept the perfect freedom I offer you. Let your heart alone decide, dear Marian, where your happiness lies, and may Heaven pour its choicest blessing upon you and the man you love. CHARLEY."

It was all done so quietly that Roy, even while his voice faltered in speaking his thanks, thought, "He never loved her as I do, or he could not give her up so easily."

Marian had known no love but his until this brilliant, fascinating artist was brought into her peaceful home. He had been, perhaps, too hasty; if he had waited, this transient infatuation might have passed away, and the affection that was the growth of a life-time reasserted itself.

But Charles knew himself too well to let any illusion content him.

Marian, half-hearted, giving loyal duty lacking entire love, was not the wife for whom his heart yearned. She must be all his own, or he must live out his life alone.

The letter came at last that told him his self-sacrifice was accepted. There was a long letter from Roy, in which his gladness would spring up between the lines, though he tried to make it meet Charles' pain rather than his own joy.

Enclosed was an humble little note from Marian, pitifully pleading for forgiveness—a note that caused the writer hours of bitter weeping, for she read Charley's love now by the light of her own.

She would have been true, but she would not have made him happy. Once he had guessed her secret, and so she made her choice where her heart was.

I am visiting at Oakland as I write, and looking from my window. This is what I see: A wide lawn, upon which is a rustic bench, and two gentlemen are seated there, each with a child clinging to him. Not far away a lady is standing, tossing a ball to a wee toddler of two years, while a babe rests upon her arm.

Suddenly the elder of the two gentlemen looks up and calls, "Come here, Roy, and play ball with Uncle Charley. Mamma has her hands full with Harry."

And Marian smiles at her old lover, knowing that the devotion of ten years ago has become a loyal brotherly love for her in Charles Freeland's heart, and that Roy has no truer, warmer friend than his children's Uncle Charley.

ABOUT THE BEAN.—This innocent vegetable, which with us certainly awakens no lugubrious thoughts, was formerly consecrated to the dead. It was offered in sacrifices to the infernal gods, and its mysterious virtues evoked by night, spirits and shadows. The priest of Jupiter could not eat it, and he was forbidden to touch a bean, or even to pronounce its name; for the fatal plant contains a little black spot, which is no other than a noxious character—a type of death.

Pythagoras and his followers carefully prohibited this dismal food, in the fear of committing a father, sister, or beloved wife to the danger of a cruel mastication; for who knew where wandering souls might rest during the course of their numerous transmigrations.

Grave writers say the causes of this abstinence is, that beans are difficult of digestion; that they stupefy those who make use of them as food; and that hens who eat them cease to lay eggs. What more shall we say? Hippocrates, wise as he certainly was, had some of these strange fears, and he trembled for his patients when beans were in blossom.

In spite of such ridiculous prejudices, this plant had numerous and enlightened defenders. When green, it was served on tables renowned for delicacies; and, when fully ripe, it frequently replaced both wheat and other corn. One of the festivals of Apollo, owed its origin and pomp to the bean. This vegetable then obtained preeminence over all that were boiled in the saucepan, and offered to the God of Day and the Fine Arts. Is it possible to imagine a more brilliant rehabilitation?

If we are to believe Isidorus, this plant was the first culinary vegetable of which man made use; he was, therefore, bound to preserve a grateful remembrance of it.

King David did not deem it unworthy of him, and the prophet Ezekiel was commanded to mix it with the different grains of which he made his bread.

We possess few certain indications proving the different culinary combinations to which beans gave rise among the ancients. All we know is, they ate them boiled, or raw.

Even since the Middle Ages the bean has played a very important part in the famous "Twelfth-night cake" almost all over Europe. The ephemeral royalty it bestowed was often sung by the poets, and consecrated in chronicles. History has its puerilities as well as its great tragedies. The Spaniards also had their Twelfth-night cake. When John, Duke of Braganza, had obtained the crown of Portugal (1640) Philip IV. of Spain informed Count Olivares of the event, and added, as if it were a consolation for the loss of a kingdom, that this new sovereign was nothing more than a "king of the bean." Philip was mistaken. In England the cake was often full of raisins, among which were one bean and one pea. "Cut the cake," says Mellboeus to Nisa; "who hath the beane shall be kinge; and where the pease is, shall be queene." At the present day the bean is one of the vegetables most cultivated in Egypt and Italy. At Naples, as in Egypt, they are eaten raw when young, and the large ones cooked and grilled in the oven. They are publicly sold already cooked."

THE feat of picking cotton in the morning and having a suit of clothes by night has been surpassed. "The corn was shelled in the morning," said an exhibitor, "and the man was drunk before dark."

Bric-a-Brac.

FREAKS OF FASHION.—The gentlemen in Paris, at one period, wore hoops.

SWEDISH WITCHES.—When a Swedish witch, riding on a broomstick, passes a steeple she stops and unhangs the bell, which she carries off, holding it up by the clapper, and flings it into the sea. The devil, when he is carrying a magician through the air is obliged to let him fall at the Ave Maria.

WATER-BOATMEN.—The water-boatmen, among the most agile of water-insects, row themselves along under side uppermost. Their habit of moving upside down is of great use to them in feeding, for many of their victims have hard backs, so the water-boatmen dive down and come up under their prey, thus attacking them on their soft side.

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."—The pleasing old ditty, "Sally in our Alley," was written by Henry Carey, in the time of Queen Anne; it is not so generally known that the author, in order to certify the origin of the ballad, stated that he one day tracked a shoemaker's apprentice and his sweetheart through a day's pleasure, and that, charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature.

BELLONA.—Carlyle writes: "Imminent bloodthirsty regiments camped on the Champ de Mars; dispersed National Assembly; red-hot cannon-balls (to burn Paris); the mad war-god, and Bellona's sounding thongs." In the Roman mythology Bellona is the goddess of war—the companion and sister or wife of Mars. She prepared the chariot of Mars when he was going to war; and she appeared on the battle-field with dishevelled hair, a torch in her hand, and a whip to animate the combatants.

ANIMALCULÆ.—Many animalcules have the power of resurrection, and after being dry grains for years, revive again on being put in a drop of water, and this may be repeated ten or twelve times, if they are kept in sand, however dry. Animalcules are not to be found in all fluids. None are to be found in wines, or any other fermented liquor which has not passed into the state of vinegar, or which has not become completely vapid, neither are they to be found in distilled or spring water. If paste made with flour and water is suffered to go sour, without being mouldy, the surface will soon be found covered with an infinite number of minute living beings, which, from their similarity to that animal, have been called eels.

POISON.—The poison so freely administered by Italians in the seventeenth century was called *aqua tofana*, from the name of the old woman Tofania, who made and sold it in small flat vials when she called masses of St. Nicholas, on one side of which was the image of the saint; she carried on this traffic for half a century and eluded the police, but on being taken, confessed that she had been a party in poisoning six hundred people. Numerous persons of all ranks were implicated by her, and many of them were publicly executed. All Italy was thrown into a ferment, and many fled, while some persons of distinction, on conviction, were strangled in prison. It appeared to have been chiefly used by married women who were tired of their husbands. Four or six drops were a fatal dose, but the effect was not sudden, and therefore not suspected. It was as clear as water, but the chymists have not agreed about its real composition. A proclamation of the pope described it as aqua-fortis distilled into arsenic, and others considered it as a solution of crystalyzed arsenic. The secret of its preparation was conveyed to Paris, where the Marchioness de Brinvilliers poisoned her father and two brothers, and she, with many others, were executed, and the preparers burned alive.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—The following countries were originally named by the Phœnicians—the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate: Europe signified a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Britain—the country of tin; great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast. Spain—a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy—a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria—also for the same reason. Gaul—modern France—signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants. The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages. Corsica signifies a woody place. Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles. Syracuse—bad savor; so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes—serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily—the country of grapes. Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark, or smoky.

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

Life after all is a kindly affair;
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care—
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious, and selfish, and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you will find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

THE party did not break up till a late hour.

The Prince was the first to leave, as his carriage arrived to convey him to the magnificent palace of the Wittgensteins, which was situated in a distant part of the great city, far from the humble dwelling of Carlotta.

"When shall we meet again?" said the Prince, as he bade Carlotta adieu, kissing her on the cheek.

"When your Highness pleases," said the girl, with a lowly inclination; for Russians never forget the respect due to their superiors, and if they do, are apt to be reminded of it unpleasantly.

The Prince looked around, and his eye rested for a moment on the beautiful downcast face of Feodora.

"When can you all come? We will make some arrangement for going to the fete next week."

"How do you mean to go, Feodora?"

It was Count Platoff who asked the question.

Feodora flushed deeply, and hesitated before replying.

She knew well that her father and Alexis would attend the fete, for it is a matter of duty to go to Peterhoff on the birthday of the Empress.

This fete is a sort of national festival; everybody attends it.

Prince, count, mujick, and serf proceed in their best dresses to the village of Peterhoff, where there is an imperial residence.

There they offer to the Empress their congratulations in person, and in the evening a ball is held.

This custom originated in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth.

Captain Caslett was such a thorough Russian that he would on no account miss this great occasion, and he would be certain to invite Alexis to accompany them.

Feodora knew also that her Uncle Guido had prolonged his stay in St. Petersburg in order to attend this fete, and, of course, they would insist on her going with them, and allow her to go with no one else.

It was too provoking—she almost cried with vexation.

It would be glorious to go with Carlotta and Olga in the Prince's boat, like a visit to Fairyland, and during the two days they would remain in Peterhoff what opportunities for seeing Octave she would have; while if she went with her father and the detested Alexis what pleasure could she hope for?

None, it would be better far to remain at home quietly.

All this passed through the girl's mind, but she felt she must deny herself this sweet forbidden pleasure.

"Well, Feodora, what do you say?" inquired the Count, rather impatiently, "will you go with Carlotta in Prince Constantine's boat? We will not see much of each other through the day, but at the ball, and after it we will take care to be together."

Poor Feodora could scarcely refrain from at once bursting into tears at this delightful picture, which seemed only presented to her gaze to tantalize her.

"Why don't you speak, Mademoiselle?" said the Prince kindly.

"Because I have no choice, and must refuse your Highness," replied the girl.

"But why?"

She looked up and colored deeply at the fixed gaze of the dark blue eye.

Feodora wondered why she could not meet that glance without feeling a strange flutter at her heart.

Prince Constantine's eyes were rarely beautiful, but why should they have such a strange influence over her.

"I shall be obliged to attend the fete with my father or not at all, your Highness," she said calmly.

"Pshaw! what nonsense! What sensible girl goes to a fete with her father? No one, unless some unlucky being that has no lover. Come, mademoiselle, let me persuade you for your own good. You will tell this papa that you are going with a friend—Carlotta here—and, unless he is excessively stupid—which I cannot believe, as he is your father—he will say 'all right, my daughter,' and if he is so stupid as to say 'no,' why then it is not the duty of a pretty daughter to obey a stupid father; so, in any case, you will go to the fete in my boat, and no other way."

Feodora could not repress a smile at this argument, and she looked up at Octave to see if she enjoyed it, but his face was gloomy and sullen, and he gnawed his lips in a savage way, that proved that he was thoroughly out of temper.

"Well, I must go; good-night again, Carlotta; good-night, Olga, kiss me; Kemptio won't be jealous. He is a good fellow."

Olga gave the requested kiss willingly enough.

She was not a pretty girl, for beauty is rare in Russia, especially among the middle-class, and she was proud of the notice of the Prince.

He now drew near Feodora's seat, and extended his hand, slim and delicate as that of a lady, to bid her adieu.

She rose with respect, and laid her hand in his.

"Good evening, my little friend," he said, and fastened his deep blue eyes on her face with evident admiration. "Allow me, mademoiselle," and stooping kissed her hand, then released it after a gentle pressure, and left the room.

Kemptio and Platoff accompanied the Prince downstairs and out to the door, where his carriage stood waiting with its four horses and tiny postillion, or fullelter, as they are called in Russia.

Prince Constantine's coachman, like most of his class, was a tall, fair, and well-made Slavonian.

Both he and the little fullelter were serfs, of course.

The latter was only a mere child, and very small, but smart and agile as a monkey.

The Russians pride themselves on the small size and extreme quickness of their fullelters, as the English do on the same qualities in their "tigers."

Platoff and his friend remained standing in close conversation after the Prince drove away.

The former's countenance still bore evidence of his ill-temper by a savage glare in his deep-set eyes.

Kemptio seemed to combat his friend's anger, and after a few minutes the two men ascended the stairs and rejoined the little party.

Feodora sat with her hands clasped, and her long golden hair flung back from her flushed face, eagerly talking to Carlotta.

"What are you discussing so earnestly, Feodora?"

"I am telling Carlotta that it is impossible for me to go with her to the fete."

"It is not impossible," replied Carlotta, indignantly. "I am sure you can easily accomplish it if you wish. It is all stuff to talk of not deceiving your father. He is so stupid and so obstinate that he deserves to be deceived. Come now, you must promise that you will let me manage for you, will you?"

"But how, Carlotta?"

"Never mind, I'll tell you to-morrow night. Come here at the same time, the Prince is coming and so is Count Platoff.

"He will call for you, and then I will tell you a good plan to cheat this old owl of a father. Do you agree?"

After a little demur, Feodora consented to be again of their party.

She did not intend to accompany them to the fete, so she had less hesitation in spending another evening with these fascinating, forbidden friends.

CHAPTER III.

ALEXIS.

THE next morning the sun rose from over the beautiful city of St. Petersburg.

It glanced over the wide expanse of water, the magnificent Neva, with its numerous bridges; the calm river dotted with little islands, lay in unbroken stillness in the early sunshine, under the azure arch of the northern sky.

The great city was still asleep, for the Russians are not early risers.

The wide streets were deserted, except by the untiring djornicks, or house-police.

All was silent, and the gilt spires of the numberless churches glanced in the warm rays of the morning light, and the famous old King, Peter the Great, sitting on his horse, trampling the serpent under its feet, kept watch and ward over the city.

Feodora rose early, though, as my reader is aware, she had not retired until a late hour.

The girl had not slept well; she was in a state of feverish excitement which rendered it impossible.

Captain Caslett was sufficiently wealthy to possess serfs, but he was a singularly unambitous man, and had never thought of such a thing.

He fancied that it was good for his daughter to be employed, so Feodora had always kept her father's house.

Though she had no love for menial work, she had never complained, for she very properly considered that if she had a domestic, she would interfere sadly with the perfect freedom that was so dear to her heart.

Now, when her work was done, she could go where she pleased, receive visitors, and do just as she liked.

But if there was a servant in the house, she would always have a spy on her actions, and this did not suit Feodora's fancy.

She arose early and dressed herself.

Feodora wore the national dress, but the materials were expensive and the colors well chosen, so the costume was picturesque and pretty.

It consisted of a jacket of dark blue cloth trimmed with black fur, and fitting the slender form closely, and a short skirt of amber-colored stuff, which displayed the pretty feet and ankles of the wearer.

The national head-dress is a sort of pasteboard cap, about three inches high, and lavishly ornamented with gilt flowers.

But Feodora did not wear it; her flaxen hair was plaited in one long braid, for so young girls wear their hair, and on the day of their marriage the hair is for the first time divided into two plaits, and worn thus for the remainder of their lives.

She busied herself preparing the breakfast and dusting the rooms, and had just completed the setting of the table when a gentle tap at the door announced an early visitor.

"Come in, if it pleases you," said the young girl; politeness being the rule in Russia, not the exception, as it is in many countries.

The door opened, and to the unqualified disgust of Feodora there stood Alexis.

The young man also wore the national dress, a long blue caftan and little melon-shaped hat.

Like all free Russians, Alexis wore all his beard.

He was tall and well-made, and unlike most of his countrymen, very dark.

His eyes were large, and his expression good, but stolid and quiet.

The girl nodded her head, without much ceremony.

But Alexis was used to being coolly treated by his beautiful betrothed, so he did not observe it on the present occasion.

"Good-morning, Feodora. How are you to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied the girl, without turning her head.

"What a beautiful day! I hope this fine weather will last till next week."

"Yes, the day is very fine. Did you come here to tell me so? You need not have taken the trouble, as I have eyes in my head, and can see for myself."

Feodora's politeness had all vanished when she found that it was only poor Alexis who had come to pay her an early visit.

"Ah! Feodora, how can you be so unkind?" said the poor fellow, mournfully. "I know I am slow and stupid," he went on, "not clever like you, and I know you are far too beautiful and far too good for me; but, Feodora, your father has consented and you did not refuse to marry me, and as you are to be my wife I love you, and wish to be with you whenever I can. Surely, Feodora, you do not dislike me? Surely, it is not disagreeable to you for me to visit you?"

This was so pitifully said, and Alexis' large black eyes looked at her with such a pleading expression that Feodora's heart, hardened though it was against him, was touched.

"No, I do not dislike you; but, Alexis, you know no girl likes visitors so early in the morning, when she is busy with her work," she said this kindly, and seized on to the first excuse that presented itself to her mind to account for her bad temper and rudeness.

"Oh! I am so glad that it is only that. I was afraid you did not like me; indeed, lately I have begun to think you almost hated me. Often when you looked at me, I fancied I could read contempt in your lovely eyes, and if I did not love you so much, I would have offered to go away and never trouble you more. But, ah! my beautiful darling I could not. If I do not see you every day I feel oh! so lost, so very lonely!"

He drew near her and took the soft little hand between both his strong brown ones, but all Feodora's repugnance returned in a moment.

She looked at the manly face, at the loving eyes, but, alas! Alexis' true, warm heart beat beneath a peasant's caftan, and she thought of the Prince in his glorious uniform, resplendent with blue and gold, and turned from the peasant with a feeling akin to disgust.

She could not appreciate what had nothing to recommend it but an honest, manly heart, and a pair of strong, toil-hardened hands.

No, what would Alexis look beside the Prince, or Count Platoff?

She would feel ashamed of him, he was common, low—little better that a serf!

With such thoughts in her heart, how could she prevent them from appearing in her face, as she drew away her hand from the strong but gentle grasp, and Alexis, dull as she thought him, sighed deeply, for he partly read the much loved, but cold and heartless face.

Before either of them spoke again, the door opened and Feodora's father entered the room.

He gave a start of surprise and pleasure when he saw Alexis.

To the sailor's simple mind all appeared right.

Feodora busy with her morning work, and her lover come to spend an hour with her before the toils of the day would occupy his time and attention.

What could be better or more suitable?

Again he congratulated himself on his foresight and good judgment in the way he had disposed of his daughter's affections.

He had told her to love Alexis, and, of course, she did it.

What could Guido mean by his croaking?

Italian women might disobey their parents, and love the wrong people, but a well-brought up girl like Feodora was different.

To be sure his sister had not acted like a Russian woman, but still her niece was a good, dutiful girl.

"Good day, Alexis, I am glad to see you, and so is Feodora, as, no doubt, you are aware. Yes, some of our people as soon as they get a penny above beggars, buy serfs and keep their own daughters to look at; but I did not, though my girl is better worth looking at than most of them. I have always kept her busy and that kept her out of mischief. Not that she would go into mischief, no fear of that; but if girls are idle they get foolish notions in their heads. Now, Feodora has more sense than most old women. Oh! I understand the women well."

Poor Captain Caslett is not the first man who has made the mistake of supposing he understood women; but it takes a very clever man to understand a woman.

Alexis made no reply to this speech.

He was not so certain of Feodora as her father appeared to be.

He had grave doubts of her love for him, but of them he would say nothing.

"I must go now, Feodora. May I come in for an hour this evening?"

As he spoke, Alexis took her hand and looked earnestly in her face.

It had resumed its usual cold, calm expression, and she said quietly, but with a hard tone in her sweet voice:

"Yes, come and welcome, but don't stay late, for I rise early, and don't like sitting up late."

"Thank you, Feodora," exclaimed the young man heartily.

He then shook hands with Captain Caslett and left the room with a much lighter heart than he had entered it.

He was determined to cast away all doubts.

Feodora's father said she loved him, and surely he knew her best.

Alexis went to his work with a happier face than he had worn for months.

He thought of the speedy arrival of his wedding day, and his heart swelled with joy.

Little did he know the unutterable anguish that would wring that heart before a week passed over his head!

CHAPTER IV.

WITTGENSTEIN.

PRINCE CONSTANTINE sat at breakfast in the grand dining hall of Wittgenstein palace.

He was alone, save for the presence of a serf girl, who poured out tea at a side table and waited on the Prince.

The table was covered with a profusion of well-cooked viands, for Prince Constantine's cook had been trained in Paris, and was master of his art.

All his skill, however, could not prevail over the Prince on this occasion, for he pushed away the dishes, one after another, almost untasted.

He drank his tea in an absent-minded way, and then rose from the table.

Before leaving the room, he addressed the girl, speaking in the cold, hard tone Russians invariably use when talking to servants.

"Wataila, I am going to the gymnasium; send Edwards to me."

Prince Constantine had visited England the previous summer, and had been greatly struck by the strength and great muscular power of some of his friends among the young Englishmen.

He had imbibed a strong passion for their manly sports, and sighed because he was obliged to leave England, with its pleasures of the turf, pugilistic encounters, fishing, shooting, cricket, and athletic sports of all kinds, behind him, and return to Russia where people do not love hard work for its own sake, and the health and strength it gives.

To compensate for his loss in some slight degree, the Prince brought home with him an English trainer of pugilists, and the complete paraphernalia of an English gymnasium.

The cost of these was, of course, almost fabulous.

Edwards had to be bribed high before he could be induced to leave "Hingland, hand the Tottenham chicken in trainin', hand almost safe to win, hand many hof my pals got a book on 'im."

But the Prince had bribed high, and the Tottingham chicken had been deserted in its hour of need.

The room fitted up by Constantine for the purpose of Edward and himself was a large one in a wing of the palace.

It was lit from the roof, and its high walls were covered with a formidable array of boxing gloves, Indian clubs, foils, swords, etc.

The floor was strewn nearly a foot deep with sawdust, and one end of the hall resembled an ancient torture hall.

It was crossed by bars and ropes, horizontal and perpendicular, and other appliances for performing on the flying trapeze, and many other equally graceful manœuvres.

The Prince took off his coat, necktie, and everything that impeded his movements, and seizing a pair of heavy Indian clubs, commenced swinging them over his head, as if anxious to knock out his own brains.

While thus occupied, the Prince was interrupted by the entrance of Edwards.

He is such a remarkable personage that he deserves a description.

Edwards is one of those men whose age it is impossible to guess with anything like certainty.

He might be an old-looking man of thirty or he might be a young-looking man of sixty.

He was short, but broad-shouldered and muscular; his legs, encased in leather gaiters, were short and bowed.

He wore a suit of brown velveteens; the jacket of which was possessed of innumerable pockets, and a black jockey cap.

His face was square, with a heavy jaw, and under-bit mouth.

His nose short, and slightly turned up; his eyes black, small and sharp as those of a fox, and his eyebrows bushy.

He wore small mutton-chop whiskers; eyebrows and hair, which was closely-cropped all over his round bullet head, were slightly grizzled.

He was closely followed by a brindled bull-dog, bow-legged, and underbit like his master.

This was a most forbidding-looking animal, but the pair were never seen apart.

Edwards was never seen to pet the dog, but it never strayed from his side.

It stood beside him if he stood, and when he sat down it sat down, and looked straight before with a dignified expression on its ugly face that was ludicrous in the extreme.

Prince Constantine did not fancy "Bulley" but when an attempt was made to part the dog from his master, Bulley uttered a low ominous growl, and showed a set of teeth which, for strength and whiteness, could not be excelled, even by the first dentist in St. Petersburg.

The people who saw the teeth did not care to feel them, so the dog was left unmolested, and wandered over the palace in company with the Englishman, who, also, was a privileged character.

"Well, Edwards, I want you," said the Prince.

He spoke English in a slow, labored way, but Edwards knew no Russ, so he was forced to address that worthy in his native tongue, or not at all.

"Vell, your Highness, 'ere I ham, ready an' willen, as the man said ven he went to be married."

Edwards never spoke very clearly, and he was always chewing a straw.

But the Prince was so accustomed to those idiosyncrasies that he understood him perfectly.

"Sit down, Edwards, I want to talk to you. Hi! Bulley, good dog; sit down."

He threw away the clubs, and sat down on a wooden bench beside the trainer.

"Hexcuse me, your 'ighness, but you don't sit down till you puts hon your coat."

The Prince rose at once and slipped on a loose wrapper of chamois skin, then resumed his seat without a word.

It was rare to see a Russian noble obey his inferiors, and that inferior his own servant.

But Edwards was his trainer, and he had seen dukes and princes obey their trainers in England, and he did the same without a murmur.

"Now, your 'ighness, we can talk comfortable. What is it?"

The Prince did not answer at once.

He sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand, considering.

At length his face brightened, and he raised his head and met the keen eye of the trainer.

"Edwards, do you know the house in the Nevsky Perspective, where Prince Ivan Orrloff lives?"

Edwards paused for a moment to think, and then replied:

"Yes, your 'ighness, I does."

"Well, Edwards, I want you to do something which I cannot trust to any of my servants. I want you to go to that house and carry a letter to a girl that lives there. Will you do it?"

"In course your 'ighness, but vy can't hany one do that er? I shouldn't think as there vus much difficulty about that."

"No, I am aware it does not seem hard to do, but listen, and you will find it is not so easy as it looks. This girl is not any of Prince Ivan's people. She is the daughter of a sea-captain who lives upstairs.

"Count Platoff is her lover, and if you give her the letter you must be certain no one sees you, and you must be certain that you give it to the girl herself. She is a beautiful girl, and her name is Feodora Caslett. Make sure of her before you give up the letter, and don't let anyone see you."

When Edwards heard that Platoff was her lover, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings in a long, low whistle of great significance.

He then waited till the Prince finished speaking, and replied abruptly:

"Hi see 'ow hit is—yhu wants to cut in and take the little gal from this yer Platoff. Hi see, an hinno your man. But 'ow the duce harn hi to vin harround the young voman ven hi can't talk none hof er precious lingo, hay?"

"By St. Peter, I never thought of that. Sure enough, you can't speak Russ? What shall we do?"

"See yer, Prince; hi tell you 'ow to do hit. Send vun of these yer dirty serfs hov yours halong with me, han tell im to talk with the young voman, han hif he hits the vun to nip me the 'ink, han then hi'll give or the billydoo, han vait for the hanser, han vem the serf finds hout the gal, vy 'ee can make 'isself scarce, han no han Bulley can vait till the young voman writes a hanser. Hall done strict hand honerable, your 'ighness, hif I vaits there till next week."

"Yes, Edwards, I suppose that will be the only plan, but I do wish you would learn Russ, you would be so much more useful. However, that is the only plan."

"Yes, the honly one, depend on hit, hand has to learnin' Russ, not hif hi knows hit. Vy, sir, hif hi knowed this Russ, they would 'ave me hout to Siberay, hin a brace of shakes. Hitne always harcustomed to speakin' my mind, that his vhat we does hin Hingland, hand hits honly cause they don't hunderstand hus, that they hain't sent Bulley han me to Siberay."

The Prince smiled at Edwards' reason for not learning the language, and she felt the truth of the Englishman's shrewd remarks.

"Well, Edwards, I am sorry you are prejudiced against Russ. I think you might learn it without incurring much risk. You are wise enough to know when to hold your tongue. I will write this letter and trust you to deliver it."

"Wery good, your 'ighness, h'ill hattend to hit, hif hi spends the rest of my days hin walking habout St. Petersburg, like the Vandering Jew. Hi'll see the young voman, han hi'll bet my 'ed she'll know the difference 'twixt a gent like your 'ighness han a skawlin', worn-out piece hof furniture like this yer precious Count Plate-hoff."

An amused smile again crossed the handsome face of the Prince as he left the gymnasium to write the letter.

Edwards sat down and chewed his straw meditatively.

He drew a dirty betting-book from one of his many pockets, and began thumbing it over until he came to the entry he sought for.

"Yes, ere it 'tis, hin black and vite. 50 to 4 hon. 'Devil' agin 'Naggler,' hand 'ow in the name of hall that's poor but virtuous ham hi to vind hout 'ow hit as gone. Hi might 'av vun, han hi might 'av lost, han hime blessed hif hi knows vich."

He sighed deeply and replaced the book in his pocket.

"Then again, ere his this yer master of mine. 'Ee has gone han took a fancy to this yer gal han nothin' will do but 'Arry Edwards to run harround with letters, like hany tuppeny postboy. Hit's too haggrevatin', by half, hand im as good as Tom Sayers hin the harms, han akil to Sir Jenny hin the legs, hi'd back 'im agin Hingland, Sir Jenny, hand all the world for a walkin' match in four 'eats, han safe to vin the money. 'Ere 'ee goes a makin' a himage of 'iself, habout this yer gal. Vy what his hit that makes a trainer's life the 'ardest in the world? The vimen. Don't hi mind 'ow hit vas when hi was down in Darby, a trainin' hov Sir Halwyne Morgue for the foot-race agin Dandy Joe, the professional. Vasn't Sir Halwyne sure to win, safe has the bank of Hingland? Hand down comes Lady Mella Studley from Lunnon, han hoff goes my gentleman hand breaks his vind, a blowin' hon han hinfernal flute from mornin' till night, beside a sitting hup late hand heatin' 'eavy dinners. Didn't hi beg 'im, vith tears hin my eyes, to leave 'is low ways till after the race; hand did 'ee do hit? No. There 'ee blew, han', there 'ee stuffed—and vat vas the hend?—'ee got beat, an' sarve 'im right, and hit was a disgrace to the Hinglish haristockery.

"Jest to think how hit puts me hoff my feet to this day, han no wonder. Hand now hout 'ere in Roosia, hit vill be the same thing hover. This yer Prince, with a bleep that would vin 'is bread has a sculler, vy hi'll bet my 'ed, ee'l go the same road, the hidentical same."

Edwards' soliloquy was cut short by the entrance of the Prince, who was unconscious that he was an object of such solicitude to his trainer.

"Here is the note, Edwards. You had better go at once. Will you be back by one o'clock?"

"Hi can't say, your highness, it depends on how long hit takes to find the young voman, and vether hi gets a chance to give her the note on the quiet. Ho, you may depend hi won't waste more time hon the business than hi can help. Hi don't think much hov vimen, or gals heither, they hain't hin my line. They are honly fit for stoppin' trainin' hand spoilin' sport. 'Owever, hi'll do my best, hand hangels can't do more."

"Very well, Edwards, I have every faith in your sense, and Ulrich goes with you to speak to Feodora."

CHAPTER V.

CARLOTTA'S SUPPER PARTY.

EIGHT o'clock had just struck, and Feodora sat with an ill-concealed feeling of discontent, listening to her father and Alexis discussing all the plans for the Peterhoff fete on the following Tuesday.

She thought, with intense disgust, of appearing at this place, where every grade of society finds a representative, in a peasant's dress, and accompanied by her lover, another peasant!

Would it be surprising if Count Platoff, or the Prince, should become so disgusted by the miserable figure she would present, that they would never speak to her again? No, it was just what she might expect.

To see her there, among the low wretches; what could they think of her after that? She sickened at the thought, for dear to her heart was the notice these nobles bestowed on her, and at that very moment, under the crimson sarafan, beat as proud a heart as the Grand Duchess Olga wore beneath her velvet robe.

"Feodora, my child, you look pale and weary, perhaps you had better retire."

The speaker was her Uncle Guido, who had for sometime been watching her, unobserved; he noticed the worried, anxious look, and the restless motion of the little foot, for Feodora was one of those people who find it impossible to keep still if they are nervous or anxious.

"Thank you, uncle, I am tired, I rise early, and work hard all day, so when the evening comes, I am fit for nothing but bed."

This observation was accompanied by a reproachful look at Alexis.

The poor fellow was struck dumb by his own thoughtlessness, and thought bitterly that he was fated to always offend Feodora, when he was trying to please her.

Had she not told him that very day that she liked to retire early?

He was seriously annoyed by his own stupidity.

"Forgive me, Feodora, duschinka, I am in fault; you told me this morning to go away early, I am very stupid.

Iswoltie, Feodora, duschinka. (Forgive me Feodora, my little soul.) I will not offend in such a base manner again."

With these humble words, and many lowly obeisances, Alexis bid them good-night. If one feels surprise at such words of a peasant, let me here explain that the Russians are, one and all remarkable for politeness, and, what appears to us, high-flown language.

Shopmen, 'sneches, (policemen) iswanchtschiks, (cabmen) and dornicks vie with each other in compliments; a coachman, sitting half frozen on his box on a bitter winter day, will pull off his sheep-skin cap to one of his fellow-servants, and exclaim:

"Boy's teba, dadnschka," (God be with you grand-daddy).

With all this politeness, however, most of the shopmen are great cheats. They load their customer with flattery, and cheat him of a few copecks, in giving him his change.

You go to a bootmaker to buy a pair of boots, and he lifts his hands and eyes to Heaven, and calls upon the name of his favorite saint, as he surveys your feet.

"Oh! how shamefully thy bootmaker has treated thee, daddy! Come to me; I will sell thee a pair, the best that can be made. I ask but 15 roubles. Upon my honor I can not abate one farthing."

To this speech, at every second word of which he bows to the ground, you reply.

"I will give thee half the money."

"Oh! daddy, daddy, thou wouldst not wrong me? Only look at the make; feel the leather, how soft, and yet so strong! Thou will not live to wear them out.

"Nay, nay, be not so hasty, don't go away daddy.

"Thou shall have them for 8 roubles, I cannot let them go for less. There, take them. Fare thee well, and God grant thee health to wear them."

You leave the shop, with your new boots, and ten to one, the first sunny day, the leather cracks in all directions.

Feodora rose when Alexis left the room and, kissing her father and uncle, followed his example.

She crossed the wide hall to her own chamber.

It was still light the bright Russian twilight which lingers over the city till very late on summer evenings, and Feodora sat down, and drew a letter from her bosom. She read it, with a flush on her cheek, and sparkling eyes; it was the letter, which we saw intrusted to the care of Edwards by his master, Prince Constantine, and ran as follows:

"DEAREST FEODORA:—You must not feel surprise or anger, duschinka, because I address you thus. I know Count Platoff is your lover, but, Feodora, beauty like yours will win all hearts. It has won mine. I have only seen you once, but that once is sufficient, my love. Feodora, I love you beyond all the world, I have not the power of telling you how much, in this poor attempt at a letter, the first love letter (believe me) I have ever penned, but I will see you tonight; that, however, is not worth the name of a meeting—jealous eyes will be on us, little one. Meet me to-morrow evening at dusk, in the summer garden, in the lime walk near the little palace. There we can talk without fear of being overheard. Will you come, my little dove? Do not drive me to despair by refusing to see me—to hear me tell my love. I must now say adieu. If you cannot answer this by thy hands, give me your answer to-night, when we meet at Carlota's supper. I am, Feodora, thy faithful lover until death.

CONSTANTINE WITTGENSTIEN."

No wonder the girl's face flushed as she read these words, the first written words of love that had ever been addressed to her, and her heart swelled with pride, as she thought, "They were written by a Prince! to me; and yet, my father would force me to marry a peasant.

"A beggarly wood-carver! No, I will not do it, I would rather die."

She sat with the letter in her hand, and pressed it fondly to her.

Yesterday Feodora fancied she loved Octave; but now when she thought of Prince Constantine's handsome face, his noble figure, and his high rank, her affection for the Count suddenly vanished—she loved the Prince and no other.

"I wonder how I will manage about the fete?

"Oh! how ill it made me to hear Alexis prate of going, and the pleasure we would have, durak! (fool) to think I could be happy, if he was with me.

"Slawer Bogess! (Glory to God.). I will escape that horrid degradation. It is a mercy that I can go masked, otherwise I know not what would become of me."

She sat musing on her position till gradually darkness closed over the city, and the stars came out, one-by-one, to look down at their own bright reflections in the broad calm Neva.

Then Feodora began to grow impatient. She knew her father and her uncle would not retire for sometime, and she dared not go out till they did, for fear she might meet either of them, as she passed through the hall, and should she do so, what excuse could she offer for being dressed for walking when she had retired to her room on the plea of being too fatigued to sit up?

No, she must wait; but how fearfully long the time was.

She saw Octave watching her window from the other side of the street.

He stood on the wooden pavement under the light of the oil-lamp, for there are no gaslights in St. Petersburg, and for a moment Feodora's heart smote her; he certainly loved her; and she was faithless to him.

But she soon banished the thought, for what was the use of cherishing an unpleasant one?

Octave would soon console himself, and meanwhile she must be civil to him, and keep her love for the Prince a secret.

At length Feodora had the satisfaction of hearing her father and Guido leave the living room, and enter their own apartments. She rose at once, and, throwing back the curtain, gave Octave the usual signal.

He crossed the wide street and stood in the door-way.

Feodora passed rapidly through the hall down the long dark stair-way; she met Count Platoff, and permitted him to embrace her without resistance, though she no longer felt any love for him.

"My own Feodora! my precious darling, how long the time has appeared to me, waiting there in the lonely street.

"But now I am fully repaid my darling, you are worth waiting a life-time for."

"Thank you, Octave," was the somewhat cool rejoinder to this ardent speech. Feodora had a strange feeling of superiority to Octave perhaps Prince Constantine's letter had a little to do with this; certain it was, she was no longer embarrassed with the feeling of awe she had once entertained for the Count; she was indeed, rather sorry for him than otherwise, and anyone we pity we are apt to despise.

"You are so lovely to-night, my angel—by-the-way, what arrangement have you made for Tuesday?"

"None as yet; wait till we see the others, and hear their plans."

A frown crossed Platoff's face, as she said this.

His jealous nature had already taken the alarm; he was too well versed in the ways of the world to let anything pass unnoticed, and he knew what Prince Constantine's mind was set on as well as the Prince did himself, but Platoff hoped Feodora was unaware of the impression she had made on the susceptible heart of the Prince.

He was determined to sound her, so he said, very carelessly.

"Do you not consider Prince Wittgenstien rather handsome?"

"Very much so," was the cool cautious reply; for Feodora was on her guard.

This did not seem promising, so he tried another remark.

"He is to be married very soon to his cousin Mascha, the Count Oxma's daughter."

Feodora was not sufficiently mistress of herself to repress a start as she heard this. It came so suddenly.

"Is he? How sorry Carlotta will be!" she said quietly, after she had taken a moment to compose herself.

They were now at Carlotta's door; they passed up stairs and tapped for admittance; the sound of the laughter and talking prevented the party within from hearing, so Octave opened the door without ceremony; they entered the room.

It was lit up with quite a number of long wax tapers, and a splendid supper graced the board.

A tall crystal dish of fruit stood in the centre of the table, and cold fowl tongue, etc., were ranged round.

Full decanters held rare old Burgundy, and slender Champagne bottles stood near to keep them company.

In fact, the table was covered with all things necessary for a profuse and luxurious supper, which was not surprising, as it had come there by Prince Constantine's order, and had been prepared by his own servant who knew his master's taste.

The Prince lounged in an easy, but graceful attitude, with his back to the doors.

He held a glass of wine in his hand, and was replying to some witty sally of Carlotta's as Feodora and the Count entered.

Carlotta sat facing the Prince, and by her side was Kemptio. Olga was doing the honors at the head of the table.

By her there was a vacant chair, and another stood beside the Prince.

"Good evening, late as usual?" were the first words that greeted the new arrivals.

"Yes, we were again unavoidably detained," laughed Octave.

Feodora said nothing, the Prince did not rise from his seat, but bowed carelessly. This rather nettled the girl.

Such was not the conduct she expected from the tenor of his note, while he thought he had humbled himself sufficiently to this beautiful peasant, and now he would await the result of so much condescension.

She threw off the long black cloak she wore, and took her seat—the vacant chair by Olga, not the other empty one beside the Prince.

Octave smiled as he observed this apparently trifling act, and rather an angry flush crossed the Prince's cheek, for he noticed it also.

"Bon soir, Mademoiselle," he said, as his eyes met Feodora's.

"Bon soir Monseigneur," was the reply.

Feodora spoke both French and Italian, for she had been educated by her uncle, and he thought those languages necessary for her, should his hopes ever be realised, and his neice adopt the stage as a profession.

The girl went on quietly eating her supper, her large eyes cast down, the long silky lashes sweeping the smooth fair cheeks.

Very lovely she looked, beside the plain-featured Olga, and the dark swarthy Carlotta.

Her skin was so fair, so wax-like in its purity.

Her features so clear, and delicately chiseled, and her hair so soft and glossy in its golden magnificence.

She wore a crimson silk sarafan over a white under-dress, with long full sleeves, tied with crimson ribbons.

The Russian women wear their hair in one long plait, but Feodora always unbraided hers and allowed it to flow down over her shoulders.

The Prince was piqued by Feodora's coldness; she had not answered his letter, because she was afraid to detain Edwards, lest her father should return.

She had written a note, however, during the day, and intended to give it to the Prince the first time she was near enough to him to do so unobserved.

Meanwhile, she rather enjoyed teasing him; she was angry with Platoff for the unwelcome news he told her, for we never love birds of ill-omen, who tells us unpleasant stories of those we love.

When supper was over, Prince Constantine rose from his seat; he walked to the

window, and throwing it open, leant out he thought Feodora would follow him, and they should have some private conversation; but she did not.

She kept her place at the table, talking to Carlotta in a low tone.

"So you have made up your mind to go with us?" said the latter, in rather a triumphant tone.

"No, I have only made up my mind that I will not go with my father; and—and Alexis Paulowitsch."

"Oh! ho! so he is to be at the party? Fy, why did you not tell me so before. The betrothed? So that will be very pretty."

This was said in a sneering tone, and Carlotta intentionally raised her voice, till every word was perfectly audible to the whole party.

The Prince left his post at the window and drew near; an amused smile curling his lips.

Feodora blushed deeply, and was speechless; she knew not where to look, being suddenly halted in this manner, and by Carlotta who had affected such friendship for her.

It was too unkind. She thought of her uncle Guido's words, "They are only amusing themselves at your expense," and bitterly felt their truth.

"I do not know what you mean by your unkindness, Carlotta?" she said hesitatingly.

"Oh! don't you? Pretty sudarina; (lady) she does not know she is to be married to Alexis Paulowitsch in a few weeks."

Carlotta fairly screamed out the last words; she had noticed with rising anger the odd manner of Prince Constantine, and shrewdly guessed the cause.

Feodora had won her lover, and she was determined to be revenged.

She knew the proud girl would feel deeply mortified by this announcement of her betrothal to a mere artisan, and she also hoped that the haughty Prince would scorn to become the rival of a wood-cutter.

"And so Mademoiselle is about to be married?

"Allow me to offer my congratulations. Carlotta, why did you not invite the fiance of Mademoiselle? How *triste*, how *desole* she must feel without him!"

Feodora looked up in the mocking face of the Prince; surely this could not be the same man who sent her the letter full of loving words, that very day. She felt like one in a dream.

She soon recovered her composure, and the Prince also."

"You can, at least, sympathize with me, Prince Constantine. Your betrothed is also absent.

"How *triste*, how *desole* you must feel!" She smiled sweetly as she said this, and looked the Prince straight in the face.

He colored with annoyance, and Feodora had the satisfaction of seeing Carlotta start with horror.

"What do you mean?" asked Wittgenstein, after a short pause.

"Only that I also congratulate your highness, on your approaching marriage with your cousin, the daughter of Count Oxinn."

"Who gave you that piece of information?" inquired Constantine quietly, but his eyes flashed, and his color deepened with suppressed anger.

"Count Octave told me to-night," replied Feodora innocently.

"Indeed!—may I inquire, Count Platoff, who your informant was?" He turned to the Count, who was confounded by this awkward question, for the story was maliciously told and perfectly destitute of foundation.

"It is a common report," he said, boldly.

"Is it? Have you ever heard it, Kemptio?"

Kemptio hesitated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Oddity.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

IT was towards the close of a pleasant June day, and on the porch of Langtry Hotel stood a group of people waiting for the afternoon stage-coach.

One, a fashionably-attired young lady, with a cold, passive face, stood anxious and a trifle impatient.

"Do you think she will come, Miss Baldwin?" asked a young girl at her side.

"Rose Elton? Oh, yes," replied the other.

"I do hope so," said another one of the group.

"We are all very anxious to see her."

Sara Baldwin smiled, and turned her eyes to the road again. The coach was just appearing over the brow of a distant hill, and soon after the panting horses drew up in front of the "Langtry."

Three people alighted, an old lady who had come to try the mountains for her health, and her companion, and following them a tall, handsome young man, Sara's brother. Rose Elton had not come.

Sara seized the young man as he ascended the porch steps, and drew him aside.

"Frank, didn't she come?" she asked.

Frank shook his head.

"Nor send a letter?"

"Yes, here it is."

He handed her the square, white epistle, and then sauntered away, while Sara hastened to her apartment to read the letter, which ran as follows.

"DEAR SARA:—

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot come to the mountains this summer. Circumstances alter cases, you know, and circumstances with which you are probably acquainted alter this case considerably. Thanks for your kind invitation, however.

"Yours truly,

"ROSE ELTON."

Miss Baldwin read it over several times. What did Rose mean?

"Strange," she said, half-aloud, as she arose and laid the epistle in her desk with several others. "I can't understand it at all.

"But Rose always was a curious person, and this is her latest and oddest freak."

When Sara descended to the drawing-room that evening, her brother knew at once that something had disturbed her peace of mind.

"What is it?" he whispered, during the evening.

"The letter," returned Sara, rather curtly. "A perfect riddle. No, Rose isn't coming. Don't ask me any more."

The news spread very rapidly. Everyone knew that Rose Elton had not arrived, and all were sorry. No, not all. Frank Baldwin was glad—exceedingly glad.

His sister had said enough for him to know that Rose was coming particularly for his benefit; he was expected to entertain her, and he disliked "odd people." So he whistled a gay air, thanked his lucky stars that Rose Elton stayed at home, and felt kindly towards her for doing so.

Poor Rose Elton!

* * * * * *

Three days previous to that upon which the above incident took place, the postman stopped at the Eltons' residence, and left a missive addressed to "Miss Elton."

Rose was down town, however, and her mother laid the letter upon the mantel, where she would be sure to see it upon her return.

"From Sara!" Rose cried, the moment her eyes rested upon it.

Then, without removing her out-door garments, she sat down by the window and perused its contents.

Mrs. Elton looked up at her as she sat there; the letter was crushed in her clenched hands, and the face beneath the jaunty hat was white and set.

"Rose," she said, in alarm, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," answered the girl, in a low tone. "Oh, mother, mother!"

She crossed her arms upon the broad window sill, and leaning her head upon them, sobbed bitterly.

The letter fell to the floor and lay there, a tiny, white flake on the broad carpet. Mrs. Elton picked it up, and laid her hand on her daughter's bowed head.

"May I read it?" she asked.

"Yes, please. Oh, dear! could she—mean—it? Oh, dear!" came between the sobs.

Mrs. Elton smoothed out the paper, and read it slowly.

"Langtry, June 15, 18.—

"MY DEAR EVA:—

"Rose Elton is coming here next Friday. I have aroused the curiosity of the people at the hotel, and you don't know how anxious they are to see her. She will afford us a deal of amusement this summer, with her queer ways, and arch, innocent speeches; but, dear me, one needs something to amuse them in this dull place. That is one reason why I invited her; another, which must remain a secret between you and me, is on account of Frank. She is wealthy, you know, and would be a good match for him; besides he is twenty-eight, and I should like to have him marry even if it must be that oddity. You asked me what way she was odd, and I will try to explain, although you would need to see her to understand her at all. She is exceedingly pretty, and does not know it; she trusts everybody, friend or foe; she is simple and frank to a fault; she is never angry, at least I have never seen her so; and—well, that is all I can tell you; she is entirly different from the rest of us."

Then followed a description of the "Langtry" and its occupants, all written in a cutting, satirical manner; a few friendly confidences, and the signature, "Your friend, Sara Baldwin."

Now Mrs. Elton understood Rose's white face and outburst of tears; but she could not fully realize how deeply the cruel words had wounded the girl's sensitive nature.

"Well, my dear, you will not think of going now?" she said.

"Of course not," Rose replied, drying her tears. "I shall accept Aunt Mary's invitation, and spend the summer with her."

"When will you go?"

"Next Friday; the same day I intended to start for the mountains."

So Rose wrote the letter that seemed such an enigma to Sara, and despatched it. Short as it was, it took her a long time to accomplish it, for the tears would fall from the long lashes and blind her so she could scarcely see the lines.

But on the following day she started for her aunt's country residence.

* * * * * *

"Mary, what do you say about our taking a summer lodger?"

Rose and her aunt looked up at the speaker in surprise.

"Summer lodger?" replied the latter. "Why, John, what gave you that idea?"

"Well," replied Uncle John, "there's a young man, a friend of Mr. Bradley's, who wants to procure lodgings somewhere in this neighborhood; and as Mr. Bradley's rooms are all taken, he asked me if I'd accommodate him. We have room enough?"

"Yes."

"And he's a nice young man."

"Perhaps."

"And would be good company for our young girl here; eh, Rose?"

Rose blushed slightly, and made a laughing reply.

"Well, Mary, what do you say?"

"Do as you please, John," Aunt Mary replied. "I don't know what I have any objections."

So it was decided; and on the following day the new lodger arrived. Rose met him at the table that evening.

"My niece, Rose Elton, Mr. Baldwin."

They looked at each other, bowed, and looked at each other again; and during the meal there were furtive glances cast across the table, and Rose fancied she saw a merry twinkle in Frank Baldwin's blue eyes, and a covert smile half hid under the brown moustache.

When the evening was over, and they had retired to their separate rooms, they each made a mental estimate of the other.

"And she is the oddity—Rose Elton!" reflected Frank. "Well, she certainly does differ from the majority of her sex; but I like her—I do, indeed.

"What would Sara say if she knew of this?

"But she shall not know yet awhile. And to think I should have wished to avoid this charming girl!

"Well, well, after all, Frank, you've not escaped the task of entertaining her. But it won't be a task now; oh, no, not at all."

"So I have really met Sara's brother!" thought Rose. "He isn't half as disagreeable as I had expected, and I don't believe he had a thing to do with, or knew about, that horrid letter."

The days passed by, and Rose discovered that the summer lodger was really an agreeable person; while he, in turn, confessed that, although he had an antipathy to "odd people," he certainly made an exception of this one.

She was so piquant and artless; so child-like and confiding; so unconscious of her own beauty and fascination, that Frank succumbed to her power, and fell desperately in love with her.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary cast significant glances at each other; they understood it all, and prophesied how it would end.

"There will be a wedding, as sure as Fate," remarked Aunt Mary, shaking her head wisely.

And she spoke true; for in the following September the marriage bells chimed loud and clear for the union of Frank and Rose Elton.

* * * * * *

It was the second week of September, and the majority of the lodgers at the "Langtry" had departed for their city homes.

A few lingered, however, and among these was Sara.

She stood upon the porch one afternoon, and waited, as she had done three months before, for the evening stage to arrive.

She had received a letter from her brother, apprising her of his coming, but no mention was made of Rose.

Accordingly, when the coach door was opened, and Frank stepped out, accompanied by a pretty, smiling young girl, Sara was greatly surprised.

A second glance told her who the girl was and a slight blush dyed her usually colorless face, for she learned of the mistake she had made in regard to the letters, and shame and confusion took possession of her for an instant; then she recovered herself, and turning towards the approaching couple, exclaimed, "Why Frank, where did you find Miss Elton? I had despaired of seeing you at all this summer, Rose. Of course Miss Elton will stay with us awhile, Frank?"

"I think she will," replied Frank, with a smile. "Miss Elton no longer, Sara, but my wife, Mrs. Baldwin."

The Haunted House.

BY M. E. L.

WHEN I was about ten years old, my parents resided in Cleveland, Ohio. Also my aunt and uncle, who lived in a large house just across the road from ours.

I had four cousins—Maude, the eldest, aged nineteen; Carrie, aged sixteen; and Ben and Willie, respectively fourteen and twelve.

One evening my cousin, together with two friends of theirs, Belle and Sadie Crawford, were going over to church to help decorate it for a kind of festival that was to be held there the next day.

After a good deal of coaxing mother consented to let me go with them, provided we promised to come home early.

So about half-past five we started for the church, which was situated about a mile from our house.

The road was a lonely one, there being nothing on one side but a large factory, and on the other a few tumbled down shanties that had long since been deserted by their owners.

The ground was rough and sandy, washed out here and there into deep gullies and pitfalls, and more than one accident had happened there to pedestrians on dark and stormy nights.

We proceeded some distance, talking and laughing, when Ben, who had a particular penchant for teasing us, suddenly exclaimed in an awful whisper:

"Girls, we shall have to pass the haunted house! Suppose we should see the ghost?"

Oh, horrors!

Until that instant we had forgotten it, but a haunted house there was, and a very disreputable one at that.

It stood on the left side of the road, not quite half a mile from the church, in the midst of a large sand bed.

Originally it was a small, story-and-a-half high, frame building.

The owners had been obliged to vacate it several years before on account of its sinking so deeply into the treacherous quicksands upon which it was built.

So, year after year, it had been falling into decay and sinking deeper and deeper in the sand till now the upper story window was on a level with the street.

Between the house and the street itself ran a long low ridge of sand, on either side of which was a deep ditch.

It was on this ridge that "Mr. Ghost," was said to make his appearance.

The story ran that, on dark and stormy nights, people who tried to pass the house were suddenly confronted by a tall figure clothed in white, and sometimes in black, who slowly advanced without uttering a sound till within a few feet of its intended victim, when, with a cat-like spring, it would throw itself on the unlucky wight, felling him to the earth, and an instant after disappear as if by magic.

The people who lived in that neighborhood belonged mostly to a class who earned a scanty livelihood by toiling early and late in the large factory I before mentioned.

"Oh, girls, let's go back," gasped Carrie, with chattering teeth.

"Nonsense!" said Maude, who was not afraid of anything. "It's hardly sundown yet, and by eight o'clock there will a full moon, and, besides, I don't believe in ghosts, anyway. That story was invented by some of the factory hands just to frighten people, and I for one am not going to be such a goose. If the rest of you want to go back, all right—I shan't."

And she started forward alone.

We all hastened to follow her example, not a little ashamed of our cowardice.

In a few minutes we were past the object of our silly fears, and laughed heartily at our own foolishness.

When we reached the church, we found several there before us, busily engaged in making crosses, wreaths, mottoes, etc.

We immediately went to work and were soon as busy as the rest.

Shortly after we got there, the boys went out with some friends, promising to return when it was time to go home.

When the decorations were all finished, some of the young ladies proposed having a little music before going home.

Maude was installed as organist, and piece after piece was sung, when the boys appeared, bidding us hurry, for it was after ten o'clock.

So home we started as fast as we could go.

"Oh, Mamie, what will Aunt Mamie say to me for keeping you out so late?" said Maude, in an anxious voice. "I am so sorry, but I had no idea how late it was.

"Never mind," I answered. "I am as much to blame as you, for I should have remembered what she said about coming home early."

We hastened on in silence for some distance when Willie, who was a little in advance of us, said:

"There, girls, is the old house; you can just see the outlines in the moonlight."

Instinctively we drew nearer, as we looked in the direction he pointed.

Though none of us, not even Carrie, would admit that we believed in ghosts, still there was something uncanny in the very looks of the old house as it stood, bathed in the clear, pale moonlight, with its roof rising just above the sand.

Holding each other firmly by the hand we slowly advanced till we had nearly reached it, when suddenly Belle exclaimed:

"Look! look! right there in front of us! Don't you see it?"

And there, sure enough, right in front of us, stood a tall figure, clothed in a long, loose white garment, pointing in the direction of the church, but where it came from not one of us could tell.

With a simultaneous shriek, we turned to flee, but our progress was impeded somewhat by Carrie, who had nearly fainted, and was half-led, half-carried, between Maude and Belle.

When we had gone what we considered a safe distance, we stopped to breathe, and for the first time looked behind us.

But nothing was in sight, not even a stray dog or cat.

Now what should we do?

Carrie declared she would not try to pass the house again if she had to stay where she was all night.

Suddenly Ben exclaimed:

"Why, girls! the station-house is only a few blocks away—let's go there. How foolish not to have thought of that before."

Then away we went to the station-house, which was situated on a street that ran north and south, about half-way between the church and the old house.

When we got there we inquired of the clerk if there was a policeman there who would go home with us.

To our dismay we were told that they were all away, and none of them were expected back for an hour at least.

While we stood there talking, undecided what move to make next, a man entered whom to our great joy we found to be a policeman.

We told him our trouble, and requested him to take us home, which he readily consented to do.

So, for the second time, we started for home.

We were careful to keep a sharp lookout on all sides for our "ghost."

But we looked in vain, for not a shadow of anything at all resembling it did we see.

The officer took us to our own door, laughing heartily, meanwhile, at what he termed our bravery.

He did not think we had seen anything, or at most nothing but an old white horse or cow that had strayed away from home and was trying to find its way back.

Oh, how glad we were to be at home again, safe and sound.

After relating our adventures to mother, Belle, Sadie, and my cousins went to their respective homes.

I retired to rest, but not to sleep, for as soon as my eyes were closed I seemed to be again going over the scenes of our adventure, and thus I tossed restlessly about till morning.

Immediately after breakfast, I went over to Aunt Sarah's.

I found the entire family in a state of great excitement and terror, hovering around Carrie, who was sitting bolt upright in bed, laughing and crying by turns, and stoutly refusing either to lie down or get out of bed and dress.

A doctor was hastily summoned, who pronounced it to be a severe case of brain fever brought on by extreme fright.

For days her life was despaired of, but at length, thanks to her youth and a good constitution, she began to get better.

It was weeks ere she recovered her former health.

Shortly after Carrie's recovery, father sold out and we moved away.

We heard no more concerning the "ghost" until about a year ago.

I received a letter from Maude, who said that the apparition had been seen by several people since we left, and that the police had talked seriously of giving the old place an overhauling.

They kept putting it off, till one night a prominent citizen had been attacked.

He, not being as timid as the others, had tried to defend himself, instead of running away.

After a sharp tussle, the so-called "ghost" suddenly drew a revolver and shot him dead.

Luckily the owner and the overseer of the factory had been there that evening to inspect some machinery that had got out of order, and were returning home just as the shot was fired.

They bounded forward and seized the murderer as he was disappearing around the corner of the old shanty.

He was brought before the magistrate, where it was discovered that the "ghost," who for so long had baffled detection, was no less a personage than an ex-convict, who had been sent up for forgery and had escaped before his time was up.

Finding that his case was hopeless, he confessed that for years he had been carrying on a systematic course of robbery, and that what he had accumulated during that time could be found in the old house.

The place was thoroughly overhauled, and in the lower part of the house an iron bar, about eighteen inches long, was found, one end of which was covered with rusty spots, while on the floor near where it was lying, some large dark spots were faintly discernible, together with a small tuft of human hair that clearly proved that another murder had been committed.

In one corner of the room the floor-boards were loose, and on being removed a small iron chest was found, which contained several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and money that had been stolen and secreted there.

As for the murderer, he was tried, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

A Vain Man.

BY HENRY FRITH.

BERTIE DARWIN laid her proud little head back in the sleepy hollow chair, and flourished a huge Japanese fan about her face.

The only other occupant of the room was Bertie's cousin, Raymond Nebinger; and he remarked, with a very exasperating drawl:

"Don't get excited, sis—the weather is too warm; and besides Elton himself is out there on the piazza, and will most likely overhear you."

A very deliberate footstep was heard outside, and then a big, dark figure shut out the light.

Bertie became conscious a pair of very handsome eyes were looking down at her in a half-deprecating way, which, despite their gravity, gave her an uneasy feeling of being laughed at.

The newcomer said calmly:

"Won't you introduce me, Nebinger?"

And then Raymond, his eyes full of repressed merriment, went through the customary formula.

Vance Elton acknowledged the introduction very composedly; but Bertie's cheeks glowed now like the heart of a red rose.

Of course he had overheard her say she did not like him—well, she didn't care!

It would do him good; for there was no doubt of his being conceited—such men always were.

She was so tired of having this man's praises sung in her ears that she had actually begun to hate him.

The old Nebinger mansion was filled with a merry company that summer.

Bertie was one of the guests; and Vance Elton had but just arrived.

Everybody had been prophecying a match between these two.

Bertie, affectionate, charming, wilful, and imperious, was hard to be suited; and Vance Elton seemed to be just the man for her, with his cool masterful ways.

Bertie, however, had quite made up her mind to dislike him.

And so, as he leaned against the casing of the low French window, she looked at him rather defiantly.

"Don't you think that you had better qualify that statement of yours, Miss Darwin?" he said. "It seems to me that it wasn't quite charitable."

"You shouldn't have listened," she replied solemnly. "It was very improper of you to listen."

A little rebellious laugh was struggling for utterance, and Bertie shaded her features with the friendly fan.

"I fear that I am guilty of improper things sometimes. Let us forgive each other now, and begin over again—will you?"

He extended a strong and shapely brown hand, and involuntarily Bertie placed her own within it.

She was immediately angry with herself for doing so, and welcomed the sound of the dressing-bell which gave her an excuse for running away from the hateful man who overheard everything and boasted of it afterwards.

That was the beginning of their acquaintance; and somehow it came about that they were always together in every ride and walk and moonlight sail upon the river.

The merry summer party was breaking up, and still Vance Elton lingered.

"It seems to me," said Bertie coolly, as she sauntered into the music-room one morning where Elton was singing to his own piano accompaniment, "that you are making a long visit here."

He pulled his long moustache reflectively.

"Why are you here?" he observed, with great deliberation.

"I am a relative of the family."

"I expect to be"—this in exact imitation of her own manner.

She laughed a little, and at the same time was conscious of a queer little feeling of pain as she remembered that only a week before Raymond Nebinger had told her that he used to hope that when his sister Mary was older she might marry Elton.

Mary was only fifteen now, but gave promise of developing into a charming woman, and was a great pet of Elton's.

"Mary will make a lovable woman," said Bertie, her voice sounding so stiff and unnatural that she hated herself for it.

"Will she not?" said Elton quietly, watching the tell-tale face before him. "So sweet-tempered, too. There'll be no clashing of wills there, eh, Bertie?"

She did not answer—she could not.

There came rushing through her mind the consciousness that Vance Elton was the one true love of her life.

There had been another—an olden girlish fancy, but she realized now that it was no more like love than water is like wine.

But it was all over.

She had thought to cure this man of his vanity, taking care to keep herself free from entanglement.

But the game was ended, and she had lost.

It only remained now for her to cover her hurt as best she might, and carry a brave and smiling face over an aching heart.

Elton turned to the piano and sang softly—"My love is but a lassie yet."

Bertie moved silently down the room, thinking to escape unobserved.

But he called suddenly:

"Bertie!" and rising followed her to the door. "Do you know that you could not leave me unnoticed?" he whispered earnestly. "The light goes out when you are gone just as completely as it floods the whole world for me when you return."

He was looking down on her with the expression, half-sad and half-smiling, which was natural to him.

"Very unfortunate for you," she said, with her usual scornful reception of his soft speeches.

"Very," he sighed, and then laughed—a little amused laugh, as he opened the door for her to pass through.

He might laugh.

Bertie was very sure that she would never, never, never laugh in her old, merry joyous fashion again.

Oh, if she had but stayed at home that summer!

If she had never met Vance Elton, whose face and voice and words would haunt her for ever.

About a mile down the river, which ran across one portion of the Nebinger grounds, was a beautiful little island, where the past summer, many a happy day had been spent by the Nebinger guests.

Bertie, longing for solitude, ran down to the little wooden pier, and selecting the lightest of the many-boats fastened there, was soon afloat and rowing down the river to the island.

Here she landed, and drew her light shell upon the shore, as she thought beyond the wash of the waves.

Then seating herself in a shady nook under some fragrant vines, she endeavored to interest herself in the book brought with her, but in vain.

The volume lay unheeded by her side, while with dreamy eyes she reviewed that never-to-be-forgotten summer.

Presently an object far down the river caught her abstracted gaze.

She looked closer.

It was her own little boat drifting away on the dancing waves, and she was a prisoner on the island.

No sooner had this fact become plain to her, than she heard the grating of another keel on the beach, and starting to her feet, she beheld Vance Elton striding in a leisurely fashion up the slope.

His gaze followed her expressive motion down the river, and he laughed.

"How romantic. Fair maiden in distress, and gallant knight to the rescue."

"Did you come after me?" she asked doubtfully.

"Certainly. You looked so desperate when you left me, that I feared you were meditating suicide, and thought it would be only sociable for me to come and die with you."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said sharply.

"No, indeed. I could not be," he drawled, taking off his hat and inhaling deep draughts of the pine-scented air.

"Come, let us return," she said, moving towards the shore.

"Not yet, Bertie."

He put out one hand to detain her.

"You cannot go until you have answered me one question," he added.

"Cannot?" she echoed, lifting her dusky head haughtily.

"No—cannot. Your boat is down the river, and I am skipper of my own craft," he answered coolly.

Bertie's cheeks were very red, and Elton looked at her in silence for a moment, evidently enjoying her confusion.

Presently he spoke again, softly, yet with a quiver of suppressed feeling in his voice.

"Bertie, what do you think should be the punishment of a little woman who treats her true lover as you have treated me all summer? Do you know that I have a good mind to jump into the river with you this minute? I am going home to-morrow, and we may never meet again. Bertie!"

She flashed one speechless look upon him and he saw that the lovely grey eyes were filled with tears.

"Dear little love!" he whispered, clasping both arms about her, and pressing the long brown moustache to the only bit of her face uncovered—one blue-veined temple. "Will you have me?"

"There is Mary, you know," said Bertie rather hysterically, "and it's against the law for a man to have two wives."

"I didn't say anything about having two wives. One such wife as this will be enough for me!" and he held her at arm's length and frowned at her in a very savage manner.

Still Bertie persisted.

"You said this morning that you expected to become a relative of the Nebingers."

"Well, shall I not be Raymond's cousin when you make me the happiest of men," he whispered, gathering her again close to his heart.

"How could you know then that I would have you?"

"Well, I feel pretty sure of it," said he, with mirthful eyes. "And now, mademoiselle——"

He bent to kiss the red mouth which was half-turned from him.

"Am I the first?" he asked, with that sudden imperious widening of the eyes which had become so familiar to her.

"The very first," she answered, truthfully enough, as his lips pressed her own; for that old dream was as nothing now.

But as he led her down to the shore she added:

"However, my first estimate was correct. You are a vain man."

LITTLE TRIALS.—It is not always the greatest trials that are hardest to bear. It is the little vexatious cares and troubles of every day. This fact has given rise to the saying, that the breaking of a valuable china plate not unfrequently causes greater disturbance in the household, than does the death of an only son.

Men who would not openly complain at enduring a great amount of actual suffering and hardship, get themselves into a fever of excitement over a missing shirt button, and women who can gracefully preside at woman's rights meetings, or endure to live with dissipated husbands, find themselves in a state of temporary insanity, if they are obliged to wear a tattered dress and scrub the floor.

Those who are capable of bearing gracefully the little trials of life will not be liable to be either greatly elated or depressed at any great good fortune or misfortune that may chance to befall them.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

FAULTS IN SHAKSPEARE.—Many admirers of Shakspeare have, doubtless, discovered a few of the following anachronisms and palpable errors. In "King Henry V." the Turks are put in possession of Constantinople which did not fall into their hands till upwards of thirty years after Henry's death. In "King Lear," we have a plentiful crop of blunders. *Gloster* talks of not standing in need of spectacles. We have Turks, Bedlam-beggars, Marshal of France, dollars, paper, etc. etc. There is an allusion to the old theatrical moralities; and Nero who did not live till several hundred years after Lear, is mentioned by Edgar as an angler in the lake of darkness. In "Anthony and Cleopatra," Anthony talks of packing of cards, and deals out his knaves, kings, queens, hearts, and trumps, as if he were a whist-player. In "Cymbeline," we find mention of the recreation of bowling—of paper—of rushes strewed in apartments—of a striking clock—and chapel, as a burial-place.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

Scientific and Useful.

PILOCARPINE.—Pilocarpine, the alkaloid of jaborandi, which is used in medicine as a sudorific, has been found when administered by hypodermic injection to alter the color of the hair from a light blonde to an almost pure black.

FIRE-BRICK.—Fire-brick should be laid in a thin mortar made of fire-clay, rather than in a lime-and-sand mortar, such as is used in ordinary red brickwork. In laying up those portions of a boiler furnace requiring fire-brick, provision should be made in the original wall for replacing the fire-brick and without disturbing the outer brickwork.

SPONGES.—Sponges long in use are sometimes affected with sliminess, which is caused by the sponge not being wrung as dry as possible immediately after use. When this has once formed it increases rapidly. A contemporary says that one of the most effectual recipes for cleansing sponges, and certainly one of the cheapest, is a strong solution of salt and water, in which they should soak for a few hours and then be thoroughly dried. Sponges should not be left in a sponge dish; they should not be kept suspended where the air can freely circulate around them. Quick evaporation of the moisture is the main thing to keep them in good order.

TO PURIFY A ROOM.—To purify a room, set a pitcher of water in the apartment, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water is the greater capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room awhile is unfit for use. For the same reason water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning before any of it is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

COLORING METALS.—Metallic objects may be colored by immersing them in a bath formed of 640 grains of lead acetate dissolved in 2,450 grains of water and warmed to from 38 degrees to 90 degrees Fahr. This mixture gives a precipitate of lead in black flakes, and when in the object is plunged to the bath the precipitate deposits on it. The color given depends on the thickness of the skin, and care should be taken to treat the object gradually, so as to get a uniform tint. Iron treated thus acquires a bluish aspect like steel; zinc, on the other hand, becomes brown. On using an equal quantity of sulphuric acid instead of the lead acetate and warming a little more than in the first case, common bronze may be colored red or green with a very durable skin. Imitations of marble are obtained by covering bronze objects warmed to 100 degrees Fahr. with a solution of lead thickened with gum tragacanth, and afterward submitting them to the action of the above-mentioned precipitate of lead.

Farm and Garden.

ALUM IN WHITEWASH.—Alum is one of the best additions to make whitewash of lime which will not rub off. When powdered chalk is used, glue water is also good, but would not answer for outside work exposed too much.

SALTING STOCK.—An easy method of salting stock is to place a large lump of rock salt at different locations, to which the stock can resort whenever desired. It can also be placed in the troughs of the stables to good advantage.

SHEEP.—It is stated that goats among sheep afford them protection against dogs. The goat being pugnacious, attacks the dogs while the sheep escape. Sheep fed on dry food are frequently troubled with sore lips. An application of sulphur and lard once or twice will generally effect a cure.

THE HOG-PEN.—There should always be a heap of cinders, or burnt clay, in the corner of the pig-sty, which young and old will root about and crack like walnuts, on occasions. They seem to enjoy it much, and it does them good, conducing to their more rapid fattening by the carbon they swallow.

LOPPING TREES.—It is as necessary to use precaution in cutting off limbs from trees, as amputating the leg or arm of an individual, and it can only be done safely when the tree has sufficient strength to bear the shock. Trimming of trees should be done gradually, instead of cutting off all the diseased limbs at once.

PLASTER.—Plaster should be always kept on hand in the barn. It will promote the growth of nearly all the plants, affords partial protection against droughts, and will furnish soluble lime to plants that need it. Of all the fertilizers known plaster is the cheapest, and, for its cost, is the most remunerative. Two bushels only are needed for a good application. It is a special fertilizer for clover, beans, peas and potatoes.

THE QUALITY OF MANURE.—The quality of stable manure depends upon the quantity and quality of the feeding-stuffs used and on the amount of milk or other products obtained from the animals. As a rule but a small proportion of the manurial elements of the food are permanently retained in the body or excreted as milk, etc., while the remainder passes into the manure. As a consequence, the richer the feed the richer the manure. Good feeding pays not only through increased production by the animals, but through the improved quality of the the manure as well.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 11, 1882.

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PRIVILEGED.

The thoroughly disagreeable person is a privileged person; it seems to be everyone's mission to keep him in good humor, lest his temper breaks loose to the general discomfort. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with him, you are at a great disadvantage. He has no character to lose; but you probably have a reputation for forbearance, good sense, and good humor which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to him what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen him do. If you know a man will bellow like a bull if you are different from him in opinion, you just listen to his opinion and hold your tongue.

If you know a dog bites, you give him a wide berth. If a ditch be very pestiferous when stirred up, you don't stir it up. If a thing is disagreeable you quietly keep out of its way; therefore you treat the privileged person as you would a child or an imbecile. The apparent deference you pay the man is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says that he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot.

Pig-headed folly is so disagreeable a thing, that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the privileged character, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. "Oh, let us humor him—he is only Snooks!" "Give in to him a little; he will make no end of a row if you don't!" Such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any sense at all, he would see how degraded is his position; what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on such terms. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a person of this character?

Reader, suspect yourself if your relatives do all in their power to make you sweet! Perhaps they dare not treat you as if you were an amiable and judicious man.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A NEW step forward in the higher education of women has been taken by the University of London. It had already secured power to grant degrees to women, and had exercised this privilege, but it has now decided to admit women who obtain degrees to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by men, including the right to becomes acting members of the governing body.

—

THE census of 1880 has some significant figures showing the extent of illiteracy in the nation. It appears that in the whole country, the total number of people, ten years of age and over who cannot read, is 4,923,461, or about one in ten of the total population. The number who cannot write is 6,239,958. The percentage of those who cannot read and write is highest in South Carolina.

—

THERE is scarcely ever a time when at least one of our larger cities is not engaged in a controversy over the Sunday question. San Francisco is just now engrossed by the efforts of a League of Freedom to keep open the theatres, gardens, and saloons on Sundays, and by the counter efforts of most of the clergy to close them. The largeness of the audiences at meetings to discuss the subject, proves the public interest.

—

PLANS and surveys are soon to be made for a railway on the Gulf coast, which, if ever built, will be the first road on the western coast of the African continent. It will extend from the seashore through the mining districts of Wassaw, and the country, besides being rich in gold, also yields palm-oil and india rubber. The surveys are to be made by the firm which is now excavating the tunnel beneath the Mersey from Liverpool to Birkenhead.

—

THE South permitted the Sullivan-Ryan prize-fight, but it was a Northern affair, as viewed by the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* "The brutal mill was fought by two exponents of the superior culture of the North, one of them representing the Bay State and the other the Empire State. Nearly all the money at stake came from the North, as did nearly all the roughs who constituted the spectators. The Southern States have not been accustomed to such æsthetic entertainment, and had therefore failed to enact laws prohibiting prize-fights."

—

THE practice in the coal mines of this State is to leave pillars of coal in position to support the roof until the rest of the level has been taken out. Then the pillars are sometimes removed, but it is a dangerous operation, even when strong and numerous timbers are inserted. It is in this part of the work that most of the casualties of the mines occur. "Robbing the pillars" is the term used in describing the careless removal of coal from these supports, and the miners continue the practice because it is an easy way to get the coal.

—

THE law giving to the women of Massachusetts the right to vote for members of school committees took effect in 1879. In that year in Boston 989 women registered, and 934 voted; in 1880, 772 women registered, and 683 voted; in 1881 741 women registered, and 640 voted. In a word, the women of Boston appreciate their privilege so highly that both the registration and the percentage of registered women voting have declined every year since they obtained it. In all likelihood these figures will be twisted into an argument in favor of woman suffrage, but it is a little hard to see just how it will be done.

—

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, an English barrister of large landed estate, who died lately, has left a will remarkable in two respects: It contains a legacy to his laundress, a person whom testators very rarely remember, and a clause by which his heirs under entail will forfeit the property should they ever embark "in any banking, mining, trading or commercial pursuits, or become a director of any joint stock company (other than the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland), or railroad or canal companies, or acquire either by gift or bequest any interest or share in any joint stock company except as aforesaid."

—

A COMPANY under the title of the Niagara Falls Reclamation and Improvement Company is seeking incorporation from the Ontario Legislature. The company ask for power to reclaim and restore to a state of nature the territory around Niagara Falls, and to acquire a strip of land along the shore of the river, commencing about four hundred yards above the Burning Spring, and extending to the North side of the Whirlpool Gorge to the extent of about three hundred and fifty acres. No charge will be made to the public for entering or passing through the grounds, but a tariff will be imposed for visiting the structures and enclosed places on the property.

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IN preparing material for fire-proof houses, raw cotton of inferior quality, the scattered refuse of plantations, and sweepings of factories, are mixed and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and is then called architectural cotton, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and about one-third the cost. For the other part wheat straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into pasteboard. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibres, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size; and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion.

—

THOUSANDS of men and women move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blest by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption: not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Then your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on earth as the stars of heaven.

—

IT is not healthy in any country, at any season of the year, or at any time of life, says a medical writer, to get up early, habitually; the old are better rested by lying late, even if not asleep, while the young require all the sleep they can get. In all latitudes, in warm weather, the morning air, although feeling cool and fresh, is laden with a pestiferous miasma. In winter, the atmosphere before breakfast is so cold and chilly and searching that it fairly shrivels up man and beast, chilling to the very marrow bone sometimes; hence the average duration of human life would be increased, and the amount of sickness largely diminished, by late rather than early rising, as all the other nations full well know and practice.

—

THE woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as to live to some purpose, we would urge them to such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply. A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiseled the features, that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he puts it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

—

A NEW fuel for locomotive engines has been experimented with in Russia, and it is stated, with good results. The material is naphtha. A tray of cast-iron is fitted in the ordinary fire-box of the engine over the bars, and above this tray may be fixed a grating of wrought-iron pipes placed crosswise and perforated with a number of holes in the lower side. By means of a larger pipe these pipes communicate with a cylinder of tin in the tender of the locomotive. This cylinder is divided into two unequal compartments, one containing naphtha and the other water. The flow of these liquids from the two compartments into the funnel end of the pipe leading to the hollow grating in the fire-box is regulated by a valve. The water acts as a pulverizer, and separates the stream of naphtha, bringing in this way a larger quantity of air in contact with the fuel, and so, it is said, causing more rapid combustion and increased heating power. The Tsarko-Selo Railway Company has applied to the Government for authority to use this system of heating on train lines. The use of naphtha in some parts of Russia will be more economical than coal or wood.

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MOTHERS and nurses cannot be too careful about the soap they use on the little ones. Few but physicians know how many of the so-called skin diseases among children are caused by the use of adulterated, poisonous soap. An analysis of several cakes of the pretty and perfumed toilet soaps that are sold on the streets showed the presence of ground glass, soluble glass, silex, pipe clay, rotten stone, borax, plaster of Paris, tin crystal, magnesia, pumice stone, oat meal and other substances, which are added to give the soap weight, hardness, toughness or clearness. The common coloring are vermilion, Venetian red and carmine, ultramarine green, pot-pigment green, copperas, Spanish brown, ultramarine blues, yellow and scarlet anilines and burnt umber. Many of the perfuming ingredients, though harmless in themselves, become chemically poisonous by admixture. Adding the dangers of all the rancid, diseased, putrid qualities of grease used, and mothers may as well be appalled at the permanent evils these neat-looking, delicately scented blocks of toilet soap contain, ready to be released whenever moistened and applied to the baby's body.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

Love and Poverty alone
Sat listening to the wind and rain,
As white as ghosts, and as cold as stone,
In a hut without a door or pane:
Love look'd around him, with a shiver,
Then cast a glance at his bow and quiver.

"Come to my arms," pale Poverty
Said, with a trembling sigh:
"Together we shall warmer be—
Apart we both may die."
But Love shrank back, and answerd, "no—
'Tis really time that I should go."

And so Love went upon his way—
Nor have they ever met
From that time to the present day,
Much to poor folks' regret;
For now, to put her friends to shame,
Love knows no person of that name.

The Lost Certificates.

BY DR. NORTHROP.

[CONCLUDED.]

THERE was no time to loose. Pulling out my handkerchief, I tied it as tightly as possible around his head to stop the bleeding, and taking some ice from the pitcher on the table, crushed it with my heel and held it to the wound for the same purpose. A faint trembling of the eyelids showed sensation, if not consciousness.

Just then the door opened again behind me. Without looking up from my work I said: "He's not dead, Henry, we'll save him yet. Hand me another piece of ice. You must keep up my dear fellow."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Annie Goodwin's voice, startling me so that I nearly dropped the ice out of my hands. "Henry wouldn't let me. I must see father, he's not dead, you said so. I told Henry he couldn't be. Forgive me, I'll hand you the ice," and she was actually at my side with it before I could say: "Miss Goodwin, you mustn't stay here, go and call Henry."

"He is coming, do let me do something for father—I must—I will be so brave."

"Give me that cushion then, and something to hold this ice in."

She handed me her handkerchief and was helping me to raise his head upon the cushion, when Henry entered the room, and seeing our employment, started with a second shock:

"No, he isn't dead," I repeated. "You must keep up my dear boy. Just swallow a glass of your Bourbon—there; and then come and help me lift him on to your bed. What is it? steady—now be careful. Let me keep his head the highest. There, we haven't started the bleeding. Another pillow—so. Now, if you will crack some more ice for me, and leave a glass of brandy on the chair here, I can get along while you go and let your mother know, and send for this;" and I hastily scribbled a prescription for a draught on a leaf of my note book and handed it to Henry, who hurried off with it.

I need not go into professional details of the efforts we patiently persisted in for hours to bring him back to conscious life. When they finally attained a partial success it was evident he was in a critical state; and would be for days and weeks to come with brain-fever.

The pistol wound was not sufficient to account for this. The shot had been doubtless hastened by the shock he had received, but its premonitions had existed for months, culminating in the sudden frenzy in which he had attempted to take his life.

Indeed it was my opinion that his sudden blood-letting might have saved him from apoplexy and death, though its manner certainly belonged to the heroic school.

Mrs. Goodwin had been so prostrated by the successive revulsions of feeling she had experienced, that her strength gave way entirely and she could do nothing, during the days of suspense and anxiety that ensued, but lie on the lounge in the room next her husband's, and feel that she was near him.

Annie took her place as nurse, or as I called her, my assistant, showing by womanly fortitude and gentle endurance her qualifications for the post.

As my hopes for the recovery of Mr. Goodwin rose, a new danger alarmed me.

He lay much of the time in a semi-comatose state, with intervals of delirium more or less intense. As he wakened one afternoon from one of those lethargies, he looked restlessly around him, and said with a very anxious troubled expression on his face:

"Where's the peek—the peek of poppers?"

"Yes, dear, I'll go and find them," said Annie, accommodating herself to his vagaries, as she was accustomed to do, and leading his mind gently away from its trouble. But when she told her mother, Mrs. Goodwin burst into tears sobbing out:

"He means the certificates, and the story I told him, he's got the two confused. Oh, I wish I could tell him they were found. Oh! oh!"

"That is just what you must not tell him, Mrs. Goodwin, even when he can understand you," I said. "It will be a very hard thing to manage. The shock will be greater than the losing of them was. It might kill him. When he does awake to perfect consciousness and gradually remembers what has happened, it will be much safer to let his mind retain the impression it was last accustomed to, even though that is an unpleasant one, than to work such a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"He ought not to be told for a month after he recovers his consciousness; not until he is strong enough to lose one night's sleep without injury. But how we are to succeed in keeping it from him so long is what troubles me; some friend might come in and congratulate him any day when he has been left alone for a minute; or some accidental allusion might let it out.

"And, even if we could be sure of guarding against that, he will be certain to wonder when he gets better, why the house is not sold, and why the furniture has not been taken away. You couldn't find answers to all his questions without telling him the secret, and when he begins to ride out the danger will be greater than ever. I confess I don't know hardly what we shall do about it. It really kept me awake last night—though I don't approve of that habit," glancing at Annie.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" sighed Mrs. Goodwin, but evidently comforted by hearing her husband's recovery discussed as a certainty.

"Doctor," said Annie, "why couldn't we take father on a bed in a carriage, and all go out to Tacony just as we meant to, if you don't think it would hurt him to be moved? The house isn't rented yet, Henry said so this morning, and it was all ready for use, you know. It will be quiet there, and he will be where he expected to be."

"Excellent, Miss Annie," I said. "You have helped us out of a tight place. It is the very thing; and the sooner we act on your suggestion the better. Your father can be moved without the slightest danger, and I think he will recover his memory in a few days. I will talk to Henry about it this afternoon."

"And while we are gone," added Mrs. Goodwin, roused to animation, "the house can be put in order again for us. It would never do to have anything done while he is in it, and Johnny can be sent to his aunt's. He would be sure to let it out."

So Annie's plan meeting with universal approval, was carried it out at once, and in two days the transfer had been accomplished, without injury to the patient, who slept most of the way.

The cottage seemed much pleasanter to the family than they had once thought it would, for hope entered with them and yet for some days longer she seemed an uncertain guest, and despair waited at the threshold. For some days longer we watched the dear father and friends, and fought with death for him, yet gradually—thank God—gaining ground.

At last the happy moment came, when eyes long clouded by delirium, waken to the light of reason, and that first question of returning consciousness is feebly uttered—so long waited for, "Where am I?"

When Mr. Goodwin's eyes thus opened, they looked into the loving eyes of his wife and her loving voice answers:

"You are at home, darling—our new home in Tacony. You have been very sick, and you must not talk at all yet. Just lie still and think that we are all very happy in our home, very happy."

Then came the slow stage of convalescence, more wearying to the patient and his friends than the period of greatest danger. During this time those "angels in the house" watched Mr. Goodwin, and delighted themselves in labors of love and patient, self-sacrifice unknown to many a calender saint; thus proving that women of whatever various types, have a common fitness for those gentle offices, and confirming the better half of Sir Walter's estimate of:

"Women in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please:
If pain or sickness cloud the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

I would advise any one of my own sex to make her acquaintance first in the latter capacity. It would worth even the personal experience of the "pain and sickness," for he would thus gain the advantage of her, and she could not frighten him so easily in the "hours of care."

I returned to my home and office in the city as soon as Mr. Goodwin was well enough to be left, but made him daily calls, frequently riding out with Henry, who had remained in the city to superintend the restoration of order to the house, and attend to his father's business, with the help of his partner Mr. Strong and their lawyer, but went home every evening.

In the quiet of Tacony we did not find it difficult to keep from Mr. Goodwin, the too happy secret of the discovery of the certificates.

He did not ask so many questions as I had expected, and only such as were easily answered or warded. Indeed, he seemed to shrink from mention of his misfortune the more, as his memory of them gradually grew more definite. But he never seemed to remember having attempted his life, and thought the wound on his head the result of a fall. Henry told him that Mr. Strong had given him a good place in the store: and when he attempted to make inquiries into his concerns, I interdicted all business topics.

But, from time to time, to cheer him and prepare him in a manner for the good news in store, we let fall hints that his affairs were being cared for, and not in quite as desperate a condition as he feared. He seemed willing to be interested in the home-life around him, and to try to resign himself to his altered condition.

As his mind and body grew stronger, however, I could notice a growing depression of spirit, and began to ask myself whether there was not more danger to be feared from secret brooding on his troubles, than from the shock of dispelling them. After a little more watching and consultation, we decided that the time had come for venturing to undeceive him.

We concerted a plan of action in which Mr. Hardy, who had been a constant and sympathizing visitor, was to take the responsible part of chief spokesman, and break the good news gently to Mr. Goodwin, even as he had been called to break the worst news to sensitive hearts.

The time chosen was that directly after dinner, when we could all be present without exciting suspicion prematurely, and yet was not too late, being in advance of fashionable city-hours, to give him a chance to rest and get quiet before bed-time.

And the place appointed was the parlor opening out of the dining room, in which we were all to gather as usual after dinner, both to give Mr. Goodwin the support of our presence, and medical aid if needed, and because not one of us would have lost the scene which we anticipated so anxiously.

But we were all to seem to be engaged as usual at that time, and not to appear to notice the principal actors unless they should need our help.

I reached the house about two hours before dinner on the eventful day, which was one of the loveliest of early spring. The vines in the city were hanging out pale-green feathers and earth's breath smelled of violets.

After a careful examination of my patient, I could see no reason for deferring our experiment. He seemed brighter and more hopeful than usual.

Mrs. Goodwin looked extremely anxious, and beckoning me out of the room, whispered:

"I wish you would go and see Annie, doctor. I am really afraid she will not keep up to-day. I thought the excitement would sustain her, but her nerves have been under such a strain for so long, that she may break down at any minute. I sent her into the library to get quiet, but perhaps she ought to take something. You will find her in there. You needn't knock;" and she pushed the door open and went away.

With my heart beating a little harder than it ought, I entered the room softly.

Annie Goodwin was standing in the bay-window, with her back to me. The upper sash had been entirely let down, and she was leaning with her arms resting upon it, her hands locked and the soft spring breeze stirring her golden hair, as it came in fresh from the hyacinth-beds. She knew my step, and half turned round to greet me: but her face quivered with emotion, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor Redman, are you sure it is safe to tell father to-day. I don't think I can bear it. If we could only stay just as we are now, we have been happy enough here. If everything should happen now—if this shock should kill him after all—we should never forgive ourselves. He's so dear—so loving. No one loves us so much in all the world;" and she burst into passionate weeping.

What the sight of blood is to a woman, the sight of tears is to a man, instantly depriving him of all reasoning power, and will, until habit—hardened; and as blood is stronger than water, this may be a comparison, not odious to the sex we are accustomed to call the weaker.

I did not know this physiological fact then, nor did I consider that crying was good for her; but as she repeated between her sobs. "No—no one loves me as he does!" hardly knowing what I did, I exclaimed:

"Your father wont die, Miss Goodwith, but—oh, Annie, don't you know how I love you?"

Instantly her sobs ceased, but she did not move, and I could not see her face. My head got dizzy, but I said:

"Forgive me, Miss Goodwin; I can't unsay my words, but I never meant to take advantage of such a time as this to speak to you. Let me assure you that you need not feel anxious about the result to your father."

My voice trembled. Annie turned her lovely face to me, and I saw my heaven with the bow of promise shining in the clouds.

I don't know how long after I said to her, as, standing in the sweet spring sunshine, I held her from me a very little way, to look into her face again.

"And so you will be my assistant?"

She gave me a look of sweet mock disdain and said:

"I think one of more experience would be preferred."

"The place is taken," I said, "isn't it?" and I heard the softest "Yes."

Then the dinner bell crashed into our dream, calling us back to earth and the responsibilities of the hour.

"You must not run away from the dinner table, madam," I said. "Your father will miss you, and he must be kept quiet."

"But I must bathe my eyes—see how red they are."

"I see they are beautiful."

"You don't know anything about it, sir: but I will come right back."

And so she did, but if her eyes were not red I am sure her cheeks were. Her mother attributed it to excitement, and securred her from observation.

Dinner over at last, we assembled as was the rule in the sitting room, grouping ourselves according to fancy, Henry pretending to play a game of chess with Marion. I looked over Annie's shoulder and made her drop stitches in her crocheting, at least so she said, though I'm sure I did not say a word to her, but watch her father with intense, though covert anxiety.

Mr. Goodwin had his easy-chair, and his wife sat by him playing with his hair, as he loved to have her; and with Mr. Hardy who sat in front of them, labored advisedly to lead the conversation to the *denouement*.

"We have been very happy here since Henry has got well enough to be with us, Mr. Hardy. I tell him he ought to be satisfied,"

Mr. Goodwin sighed.

"Do you remember, brother Goodwin," said Mr. Hardy, "the text I gave you once? 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' How do you imagine that poor man felt?"

"Very grateful and happy, I should think," Mr. Goodwin replied.

"Well, as to feeling happy, I don't know, I've sometimes thought, that if all our troubles was taken away in a day, we would make some more for ourselves in the next. Grateful you say. We are not told what the poor man's troubles were. It might have been a great deal worse than the loss of wealth. He may have thought he had lost his children or wife, or his honor. Shouldn't you think that the shock of finding he had not lost them would be almost worse for him than their loss?

"Sudden joy is as painful as sudden grief you know. Suppose some one should come and tell you now that your missing bond-certificates had been found, don't you think you would find it so?"

We all listened now with bated breath for Mr. Goodwin's answer.

After musing a minute, he said quickly:

"No, I think not. You know it says that the Lord saved him out of all his troubles; and so I think he saved him from this danger too. I have cried earnestly to him in mine, and sometimes I feel as if He would hear me yet; and if he should, I think I could bear it."

"Then, my dear brother," said Mr. Hardy, taking his hand, "ask Him to give you this strength, while I tell you what we have been afraid to until now. The Lord has heard you when you cried, and He has delivered you out of this great trouble. The bond-certificates have been found. The Lord did take away, and the Lord hath restored. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Mr. Goodwin looked at him appealingly as in a dream, and then at his wife.

"Yes, darling, it is so, and the time they were kept added ten per cent. to their value. God is good to us."

Mr. Goodwin tried to speak and trembled violently, and looked bewildered. I saw the necessity of a diversion.

Taking Annie's hand, I led her regardless of her blushes to her father's side.

"If that is too much good news Mr. Goodwin, perhaps I can modify it. You may think less so. Annie has told me this morning that I may ask your permission and her mother's to be your son.

This had the effect I intended of rousing him. Mr. Goodwin was more accustomed to strong feeling for others rather than for himself, and this is the healthiest kind.

"God bless you, my dear children—my good angels," he said brokenly.

To my surprise, Henry and Marion took our places as we stepped back, and Henry said:

"Wont you bless your other children, my dear father and mother? Your daughter Marion."

This broke Mr. Goodwin down completely.

"Dear, dear, little girl," he said. "Uncle didn't run away with her fortune did he?"

"She is richer than we are, thanks to your father," said Henry, "and that is very wrong, but Mr. Strong has taken me into partnership—it will be Goodwin, Strong & Co. Now when our senior partner is well enough to sign the agreement, I hope to make a living."

"Darling Uncle Goodwin," exclaimed Marion, "it will be so sweet to call you father."

And so, with tears, and kisses, and blessings, we gathered about that dear father, and Mr. Hardy said:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefit toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

"Let us pray." And kneeling, we thanked Him who had given the garments of praise for the spirit of heavenness.

Then I exercised my professional authority, and banished all from the room for the remainder of the day except Mrs. Goodwin, to give my patient a chance for rest.

The first shock over, happiness seemed to have a soothing effect upon him; his mind became quiet, and he slept so well that night, that the next day he was able to hear the story of the discovery of the certificates.

"Just so, just so," he said; "I remember it all now. I did put them there while I was dressing, meaning to transfer them to the tin box that was down stairs, and if Johnny hadn't carried off the key, that would have reminded me. I was so forgetful I don't believe my head was right then."

He was very much surprised to find that he had shot himself.

"I can't remember what happened in that room," he said, "only that I tried to pray, and God seemed to be further and further off, and then all is a horrible blank. Your coming may have saved me from suicide. He sent his angels and delivered me!"

In a month more the house in Tacony was closed, for I had sent all the family off to the mountains to recruit, while I went back to my round of duties in the hot and fevered city.

There were reminders, however, by the daily calls of a carrier-dove in the form of a grey-coated postman, and by three or four flying visits to the Catskills.

In October, Mr. Goodwin returned in health to his home in the city, which had been restored to its original grandeur: and in December, a double wedding was celebrated in the parlor which had been desecrated for the auction sale.

And so I secured my assistant, and found her—as I had expected to find him—the best part my aunt's legacy.

LAW suits are not always expensive. About the cheapest a man can get into is the striped one worn in the penitentiary.

Our Young Folks.

ROSIE'S CHOICE.

BY H. W. B.

"MAMMA, do you think it ever will be four o'clock this afternoon?" Rosie Bertram said, putting her head for the fifth time into the drawing-room, where her mamma was writing letters. "It does seem such a long, long, long day!"

"Then I'm afraid you have not been learning your lessons, dear," Mrs. Bertram said, looking up for a moment with rather a grave smile. "When little girls are busy, time flies. You must go back to the nursery, Rosie, and try to amuse yourself there."

Rosie left the room reluctantly, and went up stairs very slowly; she thought it hard to have to stay up there by herself when she had so much to talk about. There was a great treat in store for her that day, and she wanted to ask numerous questions about it.

Florrie Hamilton was coming to tea, to be her very own guest, she was to have out her china tea-service, given to her on her birthday by Uncle Paul; and nurse was already busily preparing the cake, so it was a little dull for Rosie in the nursery.

She had no brothers or sisters, no little friends of her own age at all, so the coming of Florrie was a great event; besides, she was quite a stranger, her papa having come only very lately to live at the Manor House, and Rosie had never yet seen her.

Though only noon, she was already on tip-toe at the nursery window, from which she could see the tall chimneys of the Manor House rising above the woods, and she wondered much, and consulted often with Quix, her dog, and Snowball, her kitten, whether Florrie could see her chimneys, and if they had as much smoke curling up against the sky.

Rosie's father was a doctor, and he attended Florrie's papa, who was an invalid, and he thought it would be good for the little girl at the Manor House to pay a visit at the Brown House, as the doctor's residence was called.

So Mrs. Bertram sent an invitation, and Miss Florrie sent back a very polite reply; and now the very day had come at last, and Rosie was waiting impatiently.

Presently there came such a loud rat-tat-tat at the hall-door, and Rosie's eyes began to sparkle. "That must be Florrie, nurse. Will she come right up here this moment?" she asked breathlessly.

"No, dear; you must go down to the drawing room to receive her, and then invite her to come up stairs to your nursery," Fanny replied, as she stroked down Rosie's brown hair. (It was the doctor's wish that the children should meet quite alone, and make friends with each other in their own way.) "And when she comes up you must ask her to take off her things, and help her. You know, Miss Florrie is your visitor, and you must entertain her till tea-time."

Rosie looked a little blank at that proposal, but in a moment she smiled to herself. Then she ran down stairs and entered the drawing room with a smile of welcome.

But before she advanced many steps Rosie's smile died away, and she hung her head awkwardly; though not really shy, she felt quite awed by the formidable visitor who was seated gravely on an ottoman in the middle of the room—a tiny little lady with golden hair, very blue eyes, and a calm, sedate little face.

She wore a blue silk frock and a wonderful blue satin bonnet, a beautiful sash, shoes with silver buckles, white gloves, and from a little embroidered bag peeped the corner of a lace handkerchief; altogether the very grandest person Rosie had ever in her life, and not one little bit like the Florrie she had thought so much about.

After a moment's silence, Rosie, her head still down and her finger in her mouth, drew a little nearer to her stately visitor. Her heart was beating very fast, and she clung fondly to poor shabby Lady Jane as she stood beside the ottoman.

"I'm Rosie Bertram," she said hastily. "Nurse said I was to ask you to come up to my nursery, and help you take off your things and entertain you till tea-time."

"Thank you. I'm Florence Mary Hamilton, and I am very glad to come to tea with you, Rosie," and the little lady rose from her seat and made a very grave bow, as she looked at her hostess steadily from wide-open blue eyes.

She was quite calm and self-possessed, and seemed rather amused at Rosie's nervousness.

When they got to the nursery, and Florrie had taken off her wonderful bonnet and gloves, and pushed back her hair from her face a little, both children looked at each other steadily for a few moments in silence.

Then Rosie shyly held forward her doll Lady Jane. "Do you like dolls, Florrie?"

"Yes, very much, but not like that. I like great wax dolls that can say 'papa' and 'mamma,' and open and shut their eyes, and wear silk frocks! Don't your dolls have silk frocks, Rosie?"

"No," was the rather reluctant reply, "not one."

"Is this your best nursery?" Florrie asked, with a good look all round.

"Yes," Rosie said, still more slowly.

"And are these all your playthings?" Florrie next asked, staring harder than ever.

"Yes; and I meant to give you some," Rosie said, almost in a whisper. "I thought you would like Lady Jane."

Florrie shook her head. "I have ever so many dolls prettier than yours, and boxes full of playthings; and my nursery is a great deal nicer than this; it has pictures all over the walls, and a soft carpet, and a rocking horse, and lots of things," and she gave a very decided toss of her head.

Tears began to gather in Rosie's eyes, but she forced them back bravely, and laying down poor, despised Lady Jane, she produced her picture-books and puzzle-maps; but they were no better received.

At last she thought of pussy, and Florrie was forced to admit that she had not got a pretty white kitten like Snowball. Rosie was happy again; but Florrie teased pussy so that it gave her a quiet little scratch.

"Oh, the naughty wicked thing! I don't like it. I'll beat it!" Florrie cried in a passion; and Rosie snatched up her pet with tearful eyes and trembling lips. Just then Fanny came in with the tea, and peace was restored, but Florrie insisted on doing the honors herself, and poor Rosie felt as if she were only the visitor; and she did so want to pour out the tea from her very own tea-pot; but she was really a very good-natured little girl, and besides, she felt rather afraid of her grand visitor.

After tea Florrie amused herself by describing all the beautiful things she had at home, and all the presents her aunts and uncles sent her, and how Mary her French nurse made her pretty silk frocks and bonnets, and she had a box full money, to do whatever she liked with.

Rosie listened in amazement; it was all just like the wonderful palace she had been dreaming of, and Florrie looked quite like the princess, while she was only a poor plain little "Brownie," whom no one loved or gave pretty things to.

"You must come and see me, Rosie," Florrie said, after she had ended the list of her dolls and playthings. "You must come early, and then I shall have a holiday. I dislike lessons so!"

"If mamma says I may," Rosie replied demurely.

"But you must come; every one has to do what I want," Florrie said gravely, with an air of decision that made her seem more like the princess than ever. "If they didn't, I'd—I'd scream!"

Rosie opened her eyes very widely at that, and just then Florrie's nurse entered the room.

"I hope my young lady has been very good," she said, looking at Fanny. "But she always is; Miss Florrie is never naughty."

Rosie's eyes grew rounder than ever; she thought Florrie had been very naughty to tease Snowball and say such unkind things about her dolls, but she was silent; perhaps, after all, her visitor didn't mean to be rude, and she looked so pretty that Rosie couldn't help admiring her, even if she were naughty, and screamed if she couldn't have her way.

The very next morning Marie came down to the Brown House, and fetched Rosie to spend the whole day with Miss Florrie.

The nursery at the Manor House was quite a grand palace to Rosie.

At dinner Florrie kept the rosiest apple for herself, and the biggest orange, and when in the afternoon they were allowed to go into the garden and swing, Rosie was not allowed to stay more than a few minutes.

By tea-time, in spite of all the pretty things and beautiful picture-books, the swing, and the lovely chickens in the yard, in spite of Florrie's pony and new skipping-rope, Rosie felt a little tired, and when it was time to go home, and Fanny came to fetch her, she was very glad.

She had come to the conclusion that she loved Snowball and Quix very much more than Florrie Hamilton, and poor Lady Jane and Queen Elizabeth were much pleasanter dollies to play with than any of Florrie's grand ladies, with their rustling silk frocks. In her heart Rosie thought Florrie had not been a bit nice or kind; and yet Marie said Florrie was never naughty, and Miss Scott, the governess, who went up every morning to teach her, declared Miss Florrie was a sweet child, and so good!

All this puzzled little Rosie sadly, and Mrs. Bertram, noticing that her little girl looked grave after her visit, took her into the drawing-room.

"You must tell papa all about your visit, Rosie," she said. "We want to know how you like Florrie, and if she showed you all her pretty things."

"Come, my little 'Brownie,' sit on my knee, and tell me all about it," the doctor said, taking her up in his arms. "Now then, was it a very delightful visit, and the nursery a sort of wonderland?"

"Not very, papa. I don't think Florrie is like the good princess that I have read about," Rosie replied very seriously. "I don't think she does all she ever can to make people happy. She wouldn't let me kiss her pretty lamb, and"—after a few minutes reflection—"she doesn't seem to love her dolls at all, though they are so beautiful."

"That's a very sad state of things," the doctor said, with an amused smile. "What can be the cause of it, Brownie?"

"I don't know, papa, unless it's because she has so many, and does not know which to love best."

"Wouldn't you like to change with Florrie, and live at the Manor House, Rosie, and have the pony, and the swing, and that beautiful nursery, and all the dolls and toys?. Come now, Brownie, wouldn't you like to change with Florrie?"

"Oh, no, no, papa!" and Rosie looked up with a sort of terror in her eyes. "I would not change for all the world."

"Why, my dear? Isn't she a very happy, fortunate little girl, with a great many more pretty things than our Rosie?"

"But, papa," and the brown eyes grew very round and bright, "how could I change with Florrie? she has no mamma."

"Brownie, you are a much wiser little girl than I thought," her papa said, stroking her hair very lovingly; "you have found out the true reason why Florrie, in spite of all her beautiful things, is a selfish, spoiled, unhappy little girl, while our Rosie, in her shabby nursery, with her broken dolls and torn picture-books, is——"

"A fairly good child," mamma put in with mock gravity. "And now I think it's time for her to go up stairs and be put to bed," and Mrs. Bertram took her in her arms and carried her up herself. Till that night she never really knew what a true loving heart her little Brownie had.

When she came back to the drawing-room Doctor Bertram looked at her very gravely. "Do you think it will be well for our Rosie to go often to the Manor House?" he asked.

"It will do her no harm, and it may do Florrie some good," Mrs. Bertram said, with a smile. "She is wilful, spoiled, selfish, and rude; but we must pity her greatly, you know, and blame her sparingly, because, as our thoughtful little Brownie says, 'she has no mamma.'"

AUNT NABBY.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

THE LAST time I was in the little, far-away mountain town, where Aunt Nabby Patten makes her home, I saw that good old spinster looking as fresh and blooming as ever. When I say "blooming," as applied to Aunt Nabby, you must not think I mean to insinuate that she is growing handsome, or even good-looking, because that would be impossible. But she bloomed with health, and vigor, and excitement.

Ah, yes; she had, on that occasion when I saw her, just come in from Deacon Popkins', where she had been to see if some way might not be devised for the keeping of his cows and pigs from her little kitchen garden.

No wonder she bloomed.

But Aunt Nabby is verging towards the sere and yellow leaf—ay, towards its fall; she has seen the full rounding out of four-score years, so we cannot expect that she should be growing beautiful.

But, truly, as she grows older the lines of that once sharp and angular visage are softened; the chin and lower jaw, at one time so terribly masculine and belligerent in their outline, are now lost in a warm and mellowing obesity; while the whole face, with the lapse of the many years, has become softened and subdued.

In other years I had heard a curious story told of Aunt Nabby, and while sitting with her on the occasion above referred to, I alluded to the story, and asked her if it was true.

She smiled a comical smile—laughed heartily—and assured me that I had it very nearly correct in every particular; but she could not resist the impulse to tell it all over to me; and I will give it, not in her own language, for that would be impossible, but I will give the facts exactly as she gave them to me.

When Aunt Nabby was somewhere about entering upon the second half-century of her life, old Deacon Elnathan Stubbs asked her hand in marriage.

Now the deacon was a proper man—a man of high standing and of considerable influence—a pillar of the Church, and an officer of the town—a man of sixty, or thereabouts—a widower, with two grown-up daughters on his hands—two middle-aged spinsters they were, looking to him for protection and support—a large framed, loose jointed, coarse-featured man; heavy-lipped, and heavy-browed; swarthy of complexion, and take him all in all, homelier by far than was good old Nabby Patten.

Well, he asked Nabby to be his wife, and she told him she would think of it.

She thought of it; she consulted with the parson, and the parson advised her, by no means, to marry with good Deacon Stubbs. He assured her that it was not well for her to be alone. She would be wronging herself in refusing him.

Ah, little dreamed honest Aunt Nabby then that the parson was speaking three words for himself to not even one honest word for her. She had a good bank account—it was known to be more than five thousand, and if the deacon could once gain control of that fund, or a part of it, the church and the parson would be sure to profit greatly.

In the end Aunt Nabby told the deacon that she would have him, and the day was set for the wedding.

Of course, such a thing as that took wings and flew. One day, in at the village shop—the largest and foremost shop, wherein the post-office was, one of the villagers spoke with the deacon on the subject of the marriage, and asked him if it was true. And upon being answered in the affirmative, he remarked upon Nabby Patten's general appearance, and asked the good deacon what had induced him, with two grown-up daughters at home, to take such a wife.

The deacon looked mysterious. He laid a finger upon his friend's shoulder, and nodded significantly.

"My dear old friend, I will confess to you—privately, mind you. You will never breathe it?"

"Of course not."

"Then, in truth, I am rather hard pushed in making out my payments for the year. In fact, I have not been free from debt since the mother of my children—my beloved wife—left me. But this marriage will put me on my feet. Nabby Patten's old money-bags are plethoric, and I must have the handling of them. They are the attraction."

The deacon had told it in confidence, under the ban of secrecy; but somehow it leaked out, and came to Aunt Nabby's ears.

The days passed on, the autumnal crops had been garnered, Aunt Nabby's rents had all been paid, swelling her bank account more and more; and, in due course, came the day appointed for the wedding.

It had been arranged that the ceremony should be performed in the church, and, of course, in public.

The bride-elect had refused to be brought to the spot by the groom, preferring to come alone and meet him there.

And she came, in her usual Sunday garb, with a small parcel in her hand, which she carried very carefully. She entered exactly in time, and proceeded directly to the chancel, where the deacon stood, ready to receive her.

The parson, when he saw the twain standing side by side before him, arose and stepped forward, and having kindly greeted them, he directed them to join hands. But the bride, instead of offering her hand, held out the neatly folded parcel, so that the groom was forced to grasp that.

He tried to gain her hand, but she plainly signified that she would not have it so. He must take what she offered, and he took it, and the parson did not see that they were not holding one another by the hand.

"Elnathan Stubbs, you take this woman, whom you now hold by the hand, to be your wedded wife; and you do solemnly promise that unto her you will cleave, etc., etc."

The deacon answered with a low bow, and a "Yes."

"Abagail Patten, you take this man, whom you now hold by the hand, to be your lawfully wedded husband; you——"

"No, no!" broke in Aunt Nabby, her voice shaking at first, but gaining strength presently. "Oh, no—not so, my dear sir! He does not hold my hand, sir; nor is it my hand he seeks. He has hoped to marry my money-bags, that he might be set upon his feet and hold up his head. Oh, no! It is not poor old Aunt Nabby he would have; nor shall he have her!"

Then she lifted the package which she held, tore off the brown paper wrapper, and shook out two or three canvas bags, such as are used to this day for confining large amounts of coin; she shook them out, exclaiming, as she did so, "Parson Butterworth! here are my money-bags, and you may marry Deacon Stubbs to them, if he wishes it; and, sir, if you can gain any good from the union which you have so earnestly advised, you are welcome to it. Allow me to wish you a very good day, and a happy solution of the present situation."

And with that she made a polite curtsey, turned majestically upon her heel, and marched out from the church.

Of course, there was much speculation and much gossip following this unusual event; but the truth became known, and the people sympathized with Aunt Nabby. Ay, and the poor and suffering ones, who had for years been the objects of the great hearted woman's charities, thanked their stars that Elnathan Stubbs had not gained control of her wealth.

And after that Aunt Nabby was more generous in her benefactions than ever before.

She had resolved that she would never marry; so she made the poor and the needy of the town her children. And she lives to-day—a grand old woman—a grand mother, indeed—and hundreds there be who call her blessed.

About Deacon Stubbs I can tell you nothing further. Shortly after Aunt Nabby's money-bags—empty, however—had been left on his hands, he disappeared from the little rural town, it was generally supposed, to follow his parson—who left before him—to a home on the other side of the Continent.

SAVED BY HER CHILD.—An unhappy seamstress, with a child in her arms, was tried for the theft of three golden coins. She said, in defence, "I went to my employer's house on business. I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel piece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. But she so pertinaciously asserted her innocence that a novel experiment was made in her favor. One of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to resume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted. The stratagem was worthy of a cadi.

A DRY, RASPING COUGH, irritates and endangers the Lungs, and greatly debilitates and annoys the patient. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant removes constriction of the bronchial tubes, promotes easy expectoration, heals all inflamed parts, and brings about a speedy cure of the most stubborn cough or cold.

Grains of Gold.

Do not engage in argument.

Do not manifest impatience.

Ambition is but the evil shadow of aspiration.

Receiving a new truth is adding a new sense.

Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

In moderating, not in satisfying desires, lies peace.

There is as much policy in politeness as in honesty.

There is a brotherhood of error as close as the brotherhood of truth.

Many a man's vices have been at first nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

The two great movers of the human mind are the desire of good and the fear of evil.

Life is fortified by many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good that are really the light of the world.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will be sure to find something done.

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visits and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.

Do not ask if a man has been through college; ask if a college has been through him; if he is a walking university.

The man who saves something every year to up the root to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much; but save a little.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion is surely like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than a serious injury. Men have died from the festering of a gnat bite.

Those who have resources within themselves, and can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but know how to prize them the most.

When God will educate a man, he compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the Necessities rather than to the Graces.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent.

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least happiness: it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

Apes look down on men as degenerate specimens of their own race, just as Hollanders regard the German language as a corruption of the Dutch.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship.

Some people have no perspective in their consciense. Their moral convictions are the same on all subjects. They are like a reader who speaks every word with equal emphasis.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Enduring love is ever built on virtue which no man can see in another at once. He that fixes upon her shall find a beauty that will every day take him with some new grace or other.

Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king.

Nothing makes a man so in love with purity as purity. Many a many has been lifted out of low and debasing sins against which he has vainly struggled, by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman.

Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous.

The nearer society approaches to divine order, the less separation will there be in the characters, duties and pursuits of men and women. Women will not become less gentle and graceful, but men will become more so.

What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

"Could not Have Lived a Year Longer."

A lady woman in Mississippi says in a recent letter: "I feel so much improved in health that I think it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your Compound Oxygen has been to me. I was very low, and suffering greatly. I could not have lived another year without receiving relief from some quarter. I am now going about my ministerial duties, and last Sat bath, while officiating at a funeral, a stroke of paralysis took me, and I was drenched in rain; but no serious consequences followed, as I had reason to expect from past experience." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

The battles of the union--Fights between husband and wife.

At the late London fair, where the Princesses and Duchesses "held the plates," over $40,000 was "taken in."

A colored woman in Georgia fell into a well sixty feet deep, and was not hurt because she struck on her head.

When a Mormon marries his wife's sister he chuckles to think that he has got only one mother-in-law to two wives.

Do not imagine that an extra ribbon tied about the neck can remedy the defect of a soiled collar or an untidy dress.

"Where are our girls?" anxiously inquires a religious exchange. We don't know. We can't keep track of all the girls in creation.

In the East a man thinks he is serving the Lord when he trades his wife for an ass, sells the ass for what he can get, and goes on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

There is a girl in Plymouth county who had eighteen lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs three hundred and forty-eight pounds.

A mother, who fondly put the query to her young son, "What would you do without a mother, Tom?" was dumfounded with the reply: "Do as I liked, ma."

Six women have been burned to death in their beds the last month, but all were married, of course. The single ones sit up all night—if they have the least encouragement.

"Think I'd live in that building!" exclaimed the lady who ran a boarding-house. "Not a bit of it! Why, all the doors fasten with bolts; there isn't a key-hole in the building."

It was the wife of President Madison who gave a young man the excellent advice: "Give your appearance careful and serious thought, in your dressing-room, and forget it elsewhere."

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her off the sidewalk, then she is the sister of some one else.

"Will the coming woman shovel the snow from the sidewalks?" is a question for debating societies. If she is not more of a success at it than the present man, the outlook for the future is a little dark.

The latest lamp-shade is made of pink silk, with a row of tiny pink roses around the edge and a full of lace. It makes the heretofore respectable-looking lamp very much resemble a ballet girl in dancing costume.

A talented lady, who lectured before a Brooklyn literary association a few evenings since, speaking of Job, and his patience, remarked that all her sympathies went out to Mrs. Job, who made the garments.

A woman at Burlington, Vt., sues a preacher for $10,000 damages because he refused to marry her to a sixth husband. The preacher said he had a sort of an idea there was such a thing as overdoing business.

It is not customary, according to the new edition of "The Etiquette," for a lady to accompany a caller to the hall. He must make his obeisance in the parlor, and offer no complaint if the fair Jane does not rise to reciprocate or receive it.

No, Mollie, were we in your place we would not pay $9 for one of those big fuzzy hats. Just take an old government blanket and stretch it over a large hoop-skirt hoop—the larger the better. You will notice the letters U. S. on the blanket. That means under side.

Astonishing bargains.—Mrs. Fogg visited a second-hand auction the other day and bought a job lot of kitchen furnishing goods. Fogg says every article in the list has a hole in it excepting the pepper-box cover, and that everything leaks but the cullender and milk-strainer.

"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other woman, starting. "Do you know I have my household work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do—but as it is never done, I concluded you had some other way of passing your time."

It is beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affections flow from a pure fountain, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

Two little girls, ten and eleven years old respectively, left their homes in Atlanta, Georgia, the other day, taking dolls and other little playthings with them, and started off on a gypsy jaunt. They stayed from home all one night, but were carried back the next day, to the great relief of their parents. Yellow-back literature is thought to have put the folly into their heads.

Miss Rosa Van Dieman, of Milwaukee, has brought suit against Adolphe Thiele because he kissed her. She claims $5,000 damages. She avers that "he then and there did seize plaintiff by the shoulders, put his arm around her neck, and did then and there kiss her," and by reason of said act the plaintiff was "greatly hurt in her feelings, and suffered and underwent great mental pain."

West Virginia has a reckless bigamist in Dr Love, a dentist, who makes a round of the principal towns every year, remaining from a week to two months in each. He grows sentimental while working in the mouths of women, and has often been whipped for his audacity. But in seven instances his advances led to marriage. The seven wives are living, and the doctor has gone to jail.

The credulity of women on the subject of being loved is very great: they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and on this foundation build up castles in the air, and fill them with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and when some startling fact destroys all, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be sceptical on the subject of being loved.

News Notes.

Ten inches of snow melted will make one inch of water.

There are now 2,208 school districts in this State, with 18,835 schools.

There are 400 divorce cases pending in the Cincinnati Common Pleas Court.

New Hampshire has already had seventy inches of snow this winter, and is still expecting more.

A woman in Toronto went begging a few days ago with a rag baby in her arms to excite sympathy.

M. Lebaudy, the leading French speculator in the last panic, is said to have made upward of $5,000,000.

About forty-eight millions of dollars was spent last Year in the construction of buildings in New York.

The newest thing in bracelets is made of graduated gold coin from a one-dollar piece to the double eagle.

A number of Jewish girls of Kief, Russia, have been stripped naked and publicly flogged through the town.

Both Senators and six of the eleven members of Congress from Massachusetts are in favor of suffrage for women.

At a polyglot lunch, served in Oriental style, in Chicago, twelve Eastern languages were spoken by those present.

A dressmaker of Leeds, Eng., was seriously injured by keeping threads of silk in her mouth, because it had a sweet taste.

Secretary Hunt has issued an order doing away with punishment by solitary confinement on bread and water, in the navy.

Thirty-one years ago E. H. Savage was appointed a policeman in Boston. He rose to be chief, and is now a policeman again.

Senator Voorhees says he has cured himself of rheumatic gout by taking lime juice in warm water two or three times a day.

Ten barrels of apples were handed out in the streets of Cleveland the other day. On each apple was the advertisement of a show.

A Paris pickpocket had just made a collection of 135 different styles of purses, when the police interfered and crushed his ambition.

A bill is before the Iowa Legislature to compel all children between eight and ten years of age to attend school at least twelve weeks in each year.

A Chicago child was killed by a railroad engine, and the father, by way of retaliation, placed timbers on the track in order to wreck an express train.

The city of Buffalo buys large quantities of coal early in the summer, when prices are low, keeps it until winter, and then sells it to the poor at cost price.

It will require between eight and twelve months to complete the work of the Census Bureau. The printed reports will embrace about twenty thousand pages.

A Grand Rapids man picked his teeth with a vaccine point, drew blood from his tongue, and now wears that unruly member on the outside of his mouth. The virus "took."

A widow of Shelbyville, Ind., aged 36, induced her daughter to discard a lover, aged 24; she then wooed him herself, and with such success that the wedding-day is fixed.

Each hook and ladder company in the Brooklyn Fire Department is supplied with a strong canvas bed, 10 by 17 feet, for persons caught in burning buildings to jump into.

Englishmen now take off their gloves when they take off their hats on entering a house, but it isn't done in Paris. Gentlemen as well as ladies cling to their gloves at the French capital.

A Boston gentleman having had his pocket-book containing $45 returned to him by an honest conductor, who found it in his street-car, took the conductor to a savings bank, and deposited the $50 to his credit.

In the production of precious metals the past year Colorado heads the list with $23,000,000, Nevada and California showing a falling off from the previous year's production. Arizona and Utah a slight gain.

John Jacob Astor founded the Astor Library in New York with a bequest of $400,000. Wm. B. Astor added at various times an aggregate of $900,000. Now the present John Jacob Astor has given $450,000 more.

A youth in Raleigh, N. C., who had invited a young lady to attend a public entertainment, employed two colored men to clean a dozen street-crossings between her house and the hall, that she might walk dry-shod.

A Judge and a jury disagreed as to how much Mr. Robinson, of Sidney, O., ought to pay Miss Allegion for having kissed her against her will. The jury gave her a verdict of $10, and the Judge reduced the amount to $5.

A witness in a trial at Marshall, Texas, asked the Judge to excuse him from the stand for a minute. Going into the ante-room, he committed suicide with a pistol. He had no personal interest in the lawsuit, and why he chose that time to die is a mystery.

A Voice from the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter, and composed of bad whiskey, we were greatly surprised at their mild taste—just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cromwell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

GIELLIANI.

July 16th, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A powerful compound of ingredients of extraordinary [illegible] essential to purify, heal, repair [illegible] QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its [illegible] and cure.

No matter by what name the [illegible] or how they [illegible] Sores, Tumor [illegible] Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste [illegible] and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair [illegible] sound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthful [illegible] Scrofula, Syphilis, Blood Poisons, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Tumors, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Mouth, Bone, Legs, [illegible] and Skin, either from unclean diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Ten to a Teaspoonful Doses, while others require four or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.

LARGE PANDORA BOTTLES, CHEAP.

DOSES FOR MEDICAL USE.

TEMPERANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or is expected, the application of Inflamma[illegible] Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains in the Back, Kidneys or Loins, Colic, Cramps or Spasms, Sick Stomach, Vomiting, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic or Pains of any kind, either from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic or Pains of any kind, either from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Colds, Chills or Ague, Fever and Ague or any other pain or ache, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Not one hour after you read this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will instantly stop the most excruciating pains, allay inflammations, and cure Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

Price, 25 Cents Per Bottle.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, and we here subjoin a few of the many we have to be issued:

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There are many base imitations of the name of R. R. R., RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, RADWAY'S PILLS, RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS, RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, and we caution the public to avoid buying any of the counterfeits, spurious imitations or trashy stuff offered them, and see that the name RADWAY is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple and reliable remedies known. Full directions in Book of Diseases and Cures (144 pages) mailed free. Cards sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

THE DIAMOND DYES.

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most beautiful Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 [illegible] Any Color or any fabric ready at once. Send for new Color Card and Book of directions, mailed free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—*(a full hour is the best)* and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in-doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over night, on account of bad drying weather where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

New Publications.

"New York by Sunlight and Gaslight" is a work descriptive of the great American metropolis, its high and low life, its splendors and miseries, its virtues and vices, its gorgeous palaces and dark homes of poverty and crime, its public men, politicians, adventurers, its charities, frauds, mysteries, etc. It is written by James D. McCabe, author of "Paris by Sunlight and Gaslight," and is a most thrilling and entertaining book. The author's long residence in New York, his intimate knowledge of all the various shades of city life, his extensive explorations of the shadier side of the great city, with the aid of the police, have especially fitted him for the preparation of this work, which has been pronounced by competent critics one of the most brilliant and life-like accounts of the great city ever written. The work is magnificently illustrated with about 100 fine full page and other engravings of places, life and scenes in New York, and contains over 700 octavo pages, printed on fine tinted paper, and is elegantly and substantially bound in the following styles: Fine English cloth, silk finish, $2.75; fine English cloth, silk finish, gilt edge, $3.25; leather, extra double library style, $3.25. The book is sold only by subscription and cannot be obtained at any bookstore. Douglass Bros., Publishers, 53 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGAZINES.

The March *Wide Awake* is brilliant with fine pictures. The letter press is equally attractive. The poems are: Two Little Pilgrims, Behind the Arras, A.D. 1480; March, Shadow and Echo, Catkins, and A Girl of the Period. The stories include The Sixpence of a Princess, The Sawing Match, How I Entertained Two Little Girls, Their Club and Ours, From the Hudson to the Neva, The Story of Maple Sugar, The Misfortunes of Yankee Robinson's Family, What Grandmamma Did, Hannah's Snares, and A Mean Little Mouse. Then there are some excellent articles, solid, yet entertaining as the stories: To-day, Short Stories from the Dictionary, A Pair of Gloves, Beautiful Mr. Baby. Then follows, to crown this, the month's Reading Course for the Chatauqua Reading Union, sparkling with wit and wisdom, helpful with practical suggestions and brilliant with fine engravings. The music this month is by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, the musical conductor of the Greek play, he having set Miss Mulock's "Mill Song" especially for *Wide Awake*. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers.

THE WOODEN SHOE.

THE wooden shoe, as we all know, is quite a national institution of France, and in Brittany more than in any part of that country; its "clank" is heard everywhere; people wear it almost habitually there who would fight shy of it elsewhere, save on high days and holidays, when "there is nothing like leather." Hence follows the necessity for a sufficiently large brotherhood of sabotiers, who, unless they could not possibly live in towns or large villages by reason of the cost of transport of the rough material exceeding the price of the manufactured goods are forced to reside in woods and forests or other places where suitable timber may be available.

Of the sabotier's house, such as it is, the State takes no notice; the tax-gatherer never comes near it; the owner can shift it to another locality when he likes; the wood he has purchased in this spot worked up and exhausted, away he goes to another. He buys a certain number of trees of the requisite kind, sometimes in a forest, so sometimes by the side of fields, which in Brittany are surrounded by lofty wood growth, to protect the crops from the violent gales which there prevail.

The purchase, or rather the agreement to purchase, concluded at some village notary's bureau, and the timber marked, the sabotier comes to that place with his donkey cart loaded with the few poor fittings and furniture of his cabin, the ases of his ancient and much soiled bedding, his rough self-made cradles and cots, some well-worn culinary utensils, and the tools of his trade—to wit, felling axes and saws, large sized gouges, spokeshaves, and knives. These are his only movables; for the rest, the site on which he squats provides him. At dawn he comes, all day he is laboring with the sweat of his brow at his roof tree—by night it is finished, garnished, and occupied.

Then, if the material be abundant, he may remain on the chosen site for a year or two; if otherwise, a few months' location, and he seeks another clearing.

The never altering end and aim of a Breton wooden shoemaker's being is to fabricate sabots, and out of this groove he and his never run. Such as the father is such is the son, and, for the matter of that, the daughter also. Children, so to speak, are to the manner born of making sabots, and at so tender an age as five or six years they may be seen smoothing, blackening, varnishing, stringing together in lots the coverings which their parents and other relations have cut, shaped, and, hollowed out into chaussures for the human foot. When a sufficient load of sabots has been completed at a certain fixing, the sabotier goes with it to the nearest village or town where his wholesale dealer resides, and to whom he disposes of the lot. With the money thus obtained, he replaces a few articles absolutely necessary for his wants, and with the residue pays for timber already brought, felled, and utilized. Money is put into the purses of a tree owner and notary, but little finding its place in that of the workman. Having no association with neighbors, abhorred by farmers, disdained by townsfolk, these Selkirks, in the midst of high civilization around, live without further contract or intercourse with society than that which has been told of, viz., to buy wood, and to sell their handicraft.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Berlin, Canada, Feb. 11, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. It has realized my most sanguine expectations, for it is an elegant picture. I now have it framed and hanging up. All who see it say it is a most beautiful picture; so you must take it for granted that I am well satisfied with it. I should have written you sooner, but I was showing it to others to see what I could do for you.

NELSON RUBY.

Andersonville, Va., Feb. 11, '82.

Editor Post—I have received "Presenting the Bride." Am perfectly delighted with it. Every one that has seen it thinks it beautiful.

LIZZIE TALLEY.

Sumner, Mich., Feb. 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, and was highly pleased with it. Was far nicer than I expected.

ALLIE HARVEY.

Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—We desire to acknowledge receipt of the really magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride." We think it far surpasses any premium ever offered with any paper, and fit to grace the parlor of any person in the land. May the old Saturday Evening Post and those connected with it always enjoy peace and prosperity is the wish of an old and constant reader.

MRS. A. KINDALL.

Weatherford, Tex., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium for The Post, and was very much delighted to get such a nice prize. I think it well worth the money I sent alone, and I like your paper very much.

GEO. E. NEWPORT.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came in due time, and far exceeds my greatest expectations. It is pronounced perfectly lovely. And your paper—well, I just couldn't do without it. Accept my earnest thanks; and will do all in my power to increase your subscription list.

MRS. B. ALLIE GORDON.

Hader, Minn., Feb. 6, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and am very much pleased with it. It surpasses all my expectations. I think it itself is well worth what I paid for both it and the paper.

ERNEST M. LEWIS.

Amite City, La., Feb. 7, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me on the 6th inst., and was more than happy to become the owner of the beautiful picture. It is actually the best premium that was ever before offered for double its price.

R. B. GUIDRY.

Hunts, N. Y., Feb. 3, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. Accept my earnest thanks for it. I have showed it to several, and they all think it elegant. I can get you some subscribers if you will send each one a picture.

LILA A. BAILEY.

Elgin, N. Y., Feb. 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and am more than pleased with it. It is just lovely, and is admired by all who see it. It is so real that one can read the story without any difficulty. I wish you success.

BENJAMIN CAMPBELL.

Hueneme, Cal., Feb. 8, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time. It is fully as good and as beautiful as you represented it to be, and must be seen to be appreciated. I will use my best endeavors to get up a club for your very interesting paper.

J. B. MAXEY.

Turner, Mo., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and gave entire satisfaction. It exceeds our most sanguine expectations in coloring and expression. We know it will be a good advertisement for you in this part of the country.

MRS. J. A. PRATT.

Paris, Texas, Feb. 13, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," received by to-day's mail. Am well pleased with it: it is indeed a beautiful picture. You have fulfilled your promise to the letter.

ANGIE ISABEL WELLS.

Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," and I am very much pleased with it. I have shown it to a great many of my friends, and all think it is perfectly lovely. I thank you for such a beautiful present.

MAY WHISTLER.

Sharp's Mills, Ind., Feb. 14, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received, and is all you represented it to be, I am decidedly well pleased with it, and simply consider it magnificent.

M. F. SHARP.

Franklin, Texas, Feb. 10, 82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came all right. Thanks for same, as it is all that could be wished for. It is a thing of beauty—which is a joy forever.

J. D. BILL.

IN PARENTHESES.

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you for an age,
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls,
What heads for painters' easels;
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,
(And give it p'raps the measles!)

"What, little Clara left at home?
Well, now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,
(The flabby, dabby, babby!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russel's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,
(The better for our brandy.)

"Come, take a seat: I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage,
You'll come of course to spend the day,
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer tetum,
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye, good-bye; remember all
Next time you take your dinners:
(Now, David mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!"

—TOM HOOD.

Humorous.

When a girls talks about the "two strings to her bean," can it be possible that she means his suspenders?

An Irishman tells of a woman who was so cross-eyed that she put her spectacles on the back of her head.

Seeing a naughty boy steal a ride on the step of a fall chaise, Kauf exclaimed, "Ah, you will soon get a more comfortable seat inside."

The Emperor William's recent illness was caused by an over-indulgence in lobster. Even the king upon his throne is not so mighty as a lobster.

Educated Women.

Refined and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney diseases, or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. There is hardly a woman to be found that does not at some time suffer from some of the diseases for which this great remedy is a specific. It is put up in liquid and dry forms, equally efficient.—Springfield Union.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 629 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 625 Filbert st., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THIS PAPER.

A NATURAL healthful bloom for the cheeks, and softness of the hands is attained by the use of Pearl's White Glycerine.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the great household medicine of the American people, and is taken everywhere as a safeguard against epidemics, and endemics, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, and irregularities of the bowels, as a cure for chills and fever and rheumatic ailments, as a sedative in nervous cases, and as a general invigorant and restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD—

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks within six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (non-rust), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our new Book,

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 53 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this paper.

Free! Cards! Free!

We will send free by mail a sample set of our German, French, English and American fancy cards, with a price list of over a hundred different designs, on receipt of 2 stamps for postage. They are not advertising cards, but large fine picture chromo cards, on gold, silver and tinted grounds, forming the finest collection in the world. We will also enclose a confidential price list of our large and small chromos. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED. OFFICIAL LIFE AND
TRIAL OF GUITEAU.
Send 30 cents in stamps for outfit. Book now ready.
FORSHEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

The Horse-Shoers' Companion.

Instructions on making and fitting shoes, preparing the feet, shoeing and care of feet. A book of practical use. Price, 50 cents. Postage stamps taken. Address Isaac A. Cavanagh, Ocean, Allegheny Co., Maryland.

Facetiæ.

The hardest dice to throw—Prejudice.

Truth is a greater stranger than fiction.

Temporary insanity—Time "out of mind."

There is Hardly an Adult Person
living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters are taken occasionally.

A tie vote is generally the result of a knotty question.

War-cry of the period—"Tekhar! Keep yer hands off o' my left arm!"

A general shouldn't be too straight. He ought to lean a little upon his staff.

A youth following h's own bent is apt to get into straightened circumstances.

The unpleasant appearance of even the most amiable and intelligent face, when covered with surface irritations, as from tetter, pimples or eczema can be dissolved naturally by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, an excellent toilet dressing; it cures dandruff of the scalp.

If one dog can be placed on a scent, how many can be placed on a trade dollar?

Out West when a man dies of delirium tremens, they say he died a natural death.

The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at all times, and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. Address Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for circular.

A bar-ometer—When you see a fellow three sheets to the wind and the other fluttering.

"I prefer lighter literature," said the fatty man, when the Unabridged fell on his toes.

"Ah," said Brown, "nice morning; just the right kind of weather to work—if it wasn't for the work."

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

A Chicago man was shot at the other night as he sat toasting his shins around the family stove. As the ball missed, the probability is that he hired some one to do the shooting, in order to show his wife how dangerous it is for him to be at home evenings.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

An agonized father applied to a policeman to assist him in finding his boy. "Has he any particular mark about his person by which he can be identified?" asked the official. "Yes," was the reply, "when he over-feeds himself he has awful cramps in his stomach."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

An exchange has an article headed "Get Rid of a Boy's Heart." That will do well enough if it is a girl you are advising, but we had rather get hold of a boy's collar with one hand and his pistol-pocket with the other. You can make more headway reasoning with a boy in that manner.

The Key to Health.

Have you found the key to perfect health and strength? It is Kidney-Wort, the only remedy that overcomes at once the inaction of the kidneys and bowels. It purifies the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors and giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels to perform their regular functions. See displayed advertisements.

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the
—LIVER.—
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.
FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.
PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
KIDNEY-WORT

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the diseases of
Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness
a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address
DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—Baptist
Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

L. LUMSMITH Box No. F, 13, Phila., Pa., Proprietor of the Oriental Casket Agents' Herald, Imitation Stained Glass, and Smithograph Co., can keep you and several assistants in your town profitably employed receiving, distributing and posting circulars, etc. You can employ children to help you. Travelers can reduce expenses next to nothing. State population of your town.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c. in fancy case 10c., samples &c. Empire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

DR. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.

We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on these special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a sure cure for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and *will cure* any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 100 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton Street, New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.
All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

OUR Great Offer
SEEDS $2.15 for $1.00
In order to introduce our seeds among new customers, and that all may test their great superiority, we will send free, by mail, on receipt of $1.00 (about cost of growing and papering, and announcing at Catalogue Prices to $2.15) our Special Introduction Box of Seeds, containing everything necessary for a family Garden. Large size packets of the following choice varieties: New Cuban Queen Watermelon, New Golden Gem Musk-melon, American Wonder Pea, Livingston's Perfection Tomato (new), Golden Wax Beans, Extra Early Valentine Beans, Boston's Extra Early Red Turnip Beet, Early Summer Cabbage, Premium Large Flat Dutch Cabbage, Perfection Drumhead Savoy Cabbage, Improved Long Orange Carrot, Stowell's Evergreen Sugar Corn, Improved Early White Spine Cucumber, Phila. Butter Lettuce, Yellow Danvers Onion, Champion Moss Curled Parsley, Sugar Parsnip, Quaker Pumpkin, Extra Early Scarlet Turnip Radish, Golden Globe Summer Radish, American Savoy Spinach, Hubbard Squash, New Red Top Globe Turnip.
Our Flower Collection, comprising 10 Packets of the Choicest Flower Seeds, sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents, 3 collections for $1.00. Postage Stamps accepted as cash. Our Seeds are warranted fresh, genuine, and reliable, and we feel certain of making a permanent customer of every purchaser of one of these boxes.
Our Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free to any address.
JOHNSON & STOKES, Seedsmen,
1114 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES SHRUBS, ROSES, 1882.
Besides the largest and most complete general stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, etc., in the U.S., we offer many Choice Novelties. New Abridged Catalogue mailed free to all who apply. Address ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N.Y.

WHITE GLYCERINE
Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.
PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 2 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in Moore's UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 500 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 300 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms, and Catalogue of 500 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 73 Beekman St., New York.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

50 SUPERB Chromos, Rich and Rare designs, with name 10 cents. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN
Clothing
6th & Market Sts
OAK HALL
PHILADELPHIA.
SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

FLORENCE

Oil Stove and Heater.
No Smoke, No Smell. Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE. send for circular and Price-List. S. C. & W. H. SMITH, S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Phila.

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE
Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.
FOUNDED 1784.
Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1500 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1882, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

105 Elegant NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, Moss Rose-Buds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn Leaves, etc. Lithographed in the most FASHIONABLE colors, your name printed thereon in Gold & Jet 10c. Please send 25c. for our BOOK of the most lovely Samples you ever saw, including Agents outfit. Our stock of Bevel Gilt Edge, Imported Embossed Chromo & Satin Fringe Cards is unequaled. We pay Agents the highest commission and offer the most elegant and useful premiums of any reliable Card House in the United States. Printers supplied with blank cards. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE
Samples of Knitting Silk. A 32-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.
THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
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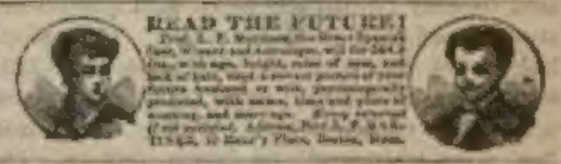
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ONE of the prettiest sights in this prosaic world of ours is a well-managed Fancy Dress Ball. The bright faces, powdered, curled, and frizzed hair, the dresses, costly, grotesque, piquante, or beautiful, as the case may be.

Here a fairy, there a gipsy, a nun, a fisher-girl, a sprite, etc., etc. A fair-faced "Marie Stuart" flirting with the "King of Ashantee;" a nun whirling in the embrace of a "devil;" while a "Caller Herrin'" chats with the utmost freedom to a "Sir Launcelot;" and a "gipsy" exacts the homage of a "King Arthur."

It is no easy matter to decide upon the costume to be worn on such an occasion, especially if one has the wish to be unique and not join the army of "flower-girls, fairies," etc.

The age, height, figure, and general cachet is of the utmost importance. A small, stumpy woman, for example, could not appear as Mary Queen of Scots, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Helen of Troy, or such celebrated personages of history, while a long lean girl should not wear a very short and outre costume.

A lady with such a figure would do well to have a "Watteau" dress with a *sac* or a costume of the reign of Elizabeth, with high collar or ruff and puffed sleeve. The tight pointed bodice of this period sets off a small waist to the greatest advantage, and the skirt sticking out very wide all round increases the slim appearance. This dress is not suitable for any one with a round face. The forehead must be low, as the hair, to be correct, should be dragged off and almost hidden under the cap, while the shape of the face must be oval to suit the stiff high collar up round the throat.

Small, piquante girls with nice figures should wear peasants' costumes, such as that of a milk-maid, a "Zingara," shepherdesses, etc., etc. Small girls with flat figures can make themselves look very nice by wearing a Kate Greenaway costume.

Another thing to be remembered is, that you need not be afraid of using old or cheap materials, for it matters very little when the dress is made up.

It will probably not be worn more than twice. Old black satin and velvet do very well at night, and very cheap white or light colored satins can be used for skirts. Bodices should be made of rather better stuff, as they do not fit well when made of flimsy material.

I will first describe one or two perfectly original costumes suitable for piquante girls with good figures.

My first is called "Gold." This is quite a short costume, and must be worn by a fair or red-haired girl. Short plain skirt of gold-colored satin, trimmed with rows of gold coins round the edge. The bodice, also of gold satin, is a tight cuirasse laced up the back, cut in a low round, back and front, with short sleeves covered in three rows of gold coins. These coins should be thickly sewn all around the top of the bodice. Necklace of gold coins. Very long gold mittens or Swedish gloves, with gold bangles and bracelets on the upper part of the arms and on the wrists.

The hair, which must be thickly powdered with gold powder, may be done in one long plait hanging down the back or tightly curled round the head.

An open-work cap of gold coins should be worn, or strings of coins twisted round the hair. A scarf of gold-colored gauze, with bright gold threads in it, should be tied loosely round the hips, and also should have an edging of gold coins. The stockings must be of gold silk, and the little shoes of gold-colored satin like the dress, with coins on the front. Very large gold fan, with "Money" in large letters. This dress would be exceedingly effective if it were well made; the hair should look quite golden. The cheapest satin is good enough for the purpose, and the coins can be bought also very cheap.

My second costume—intended for the same type of damsel—is called cards. This is a short black costume. Satin would be the best material to use. The skirt is quite short and plain, and has a card sewn on at one side.

There is a pointed scarf of black satin arranged on this skirt, with the cards sewn all along the edge.

The bodice, a square "cuirasse" laced up the back, has cards sewn round the neck half-way round. Long black gloves and silver ornaments can be worn with this dress, and a little scarlet silk cap twisted round the head, and fastened with diamond stars. The hair would look well powdered with silver or diamond dust. Black or scarlet silk stockings, and black pointed shoes with large diamond buckles. Large black or scarlet fan with the king, queen, and ace of one suit painted on it.

A very artistic "Incroyable" dress which would suit a tall woman with large features and good eyes, is the following:—Coat, with long tails of dark, dull blue silk or satin. Huge revers of pale salmon-colored silk, which open and show the bare neck. Large bow of soft muslin and lace round the throat, the hair done up in pinned curls on the top of the head.

The sleeves of the coat are to the wrist, and have a frill of real old lace. The coat-tails are lined with pale pink silk, and have very large filagree buttons at the back, and fastening the double breast in front, which is quite short, and only reaches to the waist. Skirt of pale pink silk, very short in front, and the train at the back. Over-dress, artistically draped, of white brocade, with a dull, blue pattern on it.

Embroidered pink silk stockings and shoes to match, with very high heels, cocked hat of dull blue silk lined with pink, and ornamented with silver filagree braid. This hat may be made to wear on the head or carried in the hand. If intended for the latter purpose it is easy to cut it out in cardboard the shape of a modern French gendarme's hat, and paste the silk over. There should also be a very tall cane, with a bow and ends of dark blue and pale pink ribbons.

This is a very effective dress, and could be easily made out of one or two old evening dresses. The blue and white brocade tunic would be the difficult part, but that might be dispensed with altogether, merely looping up the pink skirt on one side to show a short, white lace petticoat. This dress must be rather exaggerated in all the details, as it belongs to a very extraordinary period in the history of costume. It would look well in other colors; for example, turquoise blue satin coat lined with deep crimson, and pale lemon-colored train over white lace petticoat.

The "artistic" colors now so much in vogue such as "old gold" terra cotta, copper, or peacock blue should not be used for this dress, as they would look out of place. Broad stripes and large flowered brocades do excellently for it, and those patterns were much affected at the end of the last century in France.

For a small thin girl a Kate Greenaway costume is becoming and pretty. Very narrow skirt of soft yellow muslin, short enough to show the ankles. The skirt has three little gathered flounces round the edge.

Very high waisted bodice of the same, cut in a little round to leave the throat bare, with short puffed sleeves. Soft white sash of narrow serge silk; bunch of pale pink roses tucked in at the belt in front. Long, creamy gloves of white Swedish kid or lace mittens.

With this costume the hair is arranged to look short and curly. Very large Pamela hat of straw, trimmed at one side with a bunch of roses, and tied under the chin with white ribbons.

Old-fashioned pointed shoes of black kid with elastic sandals crossed over the foot and round the ankles. Basket of roses on the arm. This dress is very effective made entirely in white, but in this case there must be color in the hair and cheeks.

The much-debated Greek dress is charming for ladies with classical features and fine arms and shoulders. The making is of the simplest description. Cashemere, llama, and the soft Indian and Chinese silks are adapted for this graceful garment, which depends entirely on the flow and number of its little folds and creases for beauty and correctness of appearance.

The dress is made in this way: You take two separate breadths of stuff, as long as you are tall (this allows enough for pulling up and draping) and sew together two-thirds of the way up. The space left open is for the arms to come through. Along the top of the two breadths you sew buttons and loops opposite each other, leaving a space for the neck. This is the way to get into it; you button the loops when it is on, and pull up the spare stuff through a girdle. This makes the material go into little folds on the body, and hang gracefully from the waist. Broad gold or silver bracelets may be worn on the upper part of the arms and at the wrists. Gloves cannot be worn with a Greek costume; they are inappropriate.

Fireside Chat.

THE MAKING OF TEA.

AT a cooking class held recently, a new method of making tea was introduced on the principle of "putting the cart before the horse," or, in other words, first filling the teapot with boiling water, and then throwing in the tea to float on the top. This plan, so totally at variance with any commonly received notions respecting "the cup that cheers," surprised the students at the class not a little. But our lecturer explained that it was scientifically correct.

The tea leaves being thrown on the boiling water, instead of the boiling water being thrown on to them, retarded the extraction of the tannin, which is so injurious, and the result was a most refreshing beverage, neither too strong nor too weak, and with a delicate aroma seldom to be obtained in the ordinary way. The following conditions, however, were to be strictly observed; the water must be at boiling point, and freshly boiled, not water which has simmered all the afternoon.

There must be one good spoonful of tea for each person, and "one for the teapot," according to tradition; and the tea must be thrown in the instant after the water, and not allowed to stand longer than five minutes. A little wire strainer is placed over the spout of the teapot, to prevent any of the leaves escaping, and when all the cups have been poured out, the teapot may be half-filled again with boiling water for the "second brew."

"Russian tea," or tea with slices of lemon instead of milk or cream, is the best for those who suffer from indigestion. It may be taken hot, in cups, just like the ordinary tea, and may be sugared or not according to taste; but it should never be very strong. The lemon counteracts the injurious properties of the "social herb," and when once a taste is acquired for it, it will often be preferred to milk.

No teapot makes better tea, as a rule, than the old-fashioned brown earthenware; but this is not sufficiently elegant for drawing-room use. A silver teapot is the correct thing, but for my own part I prefer a china one, to match the cups and saucers, as being more easily cleansed, and not liable to rust or corrode. Metal teapots are objectionable and have been known to be poisonous if kept long in use; they are so much more difficult to dry than china, and, always remaining more or less damp, they give the tea a sodden taste.

It may be mere fancy, but it is indisputable that tea tastes better out of pretty cups than out of ugly ones. I once saw a fashionable æsthetic tea-service of hideous dark brown china, as grotesque in form as it was inharmonious in color. Snakes formed the handles to the cups, a Japanese-looking griffin surmounted the teapot, and a dog with a face like Cerberus seemed to be peeping into the cream-jug, while the sugar reposed in a brown lily, round which a serpent was coiled. There was no pleasure in drinking tea served in so "intensely utter" a manner and the brown china had the effect of making it look even more washy than it was. I thought with longing regret of a tea-service which I remembered a service of blue-bordered china with forget-me-nots, which somehow seemed to impart a delicious flavor to tea, coffee, cocoa, or whatever they contained. It is doubtful whether tea will ever go out of fashion, and, even if it did, there would still be found votaries who could not do without it.

These will do well to bear in mind that much of the enjoyment of the tea depends on the way in which it is prepared and served. When badly made and badly sent up, we can hardly wonder at its adversaries protesting against it; but when proper care and attention have been bestowed upon the preparation and the accompaniments of it, and it is not taken more than once, or at most twice a day, few can deny that tea is the most palatable as well as the most harmless nerve-stimulant that we possess.

The Christmas and New Year's cards were more numerous than ever this year, and certainly more beautiful. Those on ivory or ivorine, and also those on white satin, were worthy of framing, as a great many have been. I have recently seen many of the most effective, arranged in various ways which show them off to advantage. One way was in a good-sized gilt frame, which stood on a low easel on a table. The back-ground was also gilded. Four of the best cards were fitted in from the back, like a set of pictures, and a fifth, in a circular space, in the centre. A larger frame, holding more and smaller cards, stood on a higher easel in a corner of the room. One lady had arranged all her prettiest cards in one of the standing screens intended for photographs. According to the size of the vacant space, so she had assorted and adapted her cards. Several of the satin, painted cards have been fitted into the tops of quilted silk and satin handkerchief, glove, and tie sachets, also on the sides of the square satin hand bags now so fashionable with ladies. Round the edge is embroidery of silk or gold beads. These sachets and bags were given, filled with chocolate or bonbons, intended for ornamental use afterwards. I have heard of several quilts being made of common cards, for nurseries, and hospitals. One was arranged in large squares of red and dark-blue twill. In the centre of every alternate square a card was tacked, and so arranged that one row of cards fitted in between the other row, and not in regular lines. The unadorned squares were red in one row, dark blue in the other, and so on; so that the whole was attractive and pleasing to the eye. The quilts are so managed that they fold up easily, one row doubling up over the other.

A fancy cretonne lining is added at the back; so that, if the child or patient is tired of looking at the cards, the whole can be turned over and the pretty cretonne coverlid substituted. I have seen one or two entire backs of small pianos covered with cards. The size is first cut out in very thin wood, covered with colored glazed or gold paper, and the cards arranged on in some sort of design. Chimney boards and standing screens are also covered in the same way.

Correspondence.

REX, (Pliny, W. Va.)—We are not posted in prize-ring matters, but think that Heenan fought three times—once with Sayers, with Morrissey, and with King. He beat King, was beaten by Morrissey, and fought what is given as a draw with Sayers. We do not think King and Sayers ever fought.

LAURA M. K., (Junction, Tenn.)—A person's autograph is merely his name written by his own hand. 2. We do not know how the phrase "A good season in the ground" originated, and must confess that to us there is nothing so remarkable about the sentence as to make its origin a matter of much importance.

BROKEN-HEARTED, (New York, N. Y.)—We would advise you to give up seeking the girl's good. She does not want young men as moral reformers. Tell her you love her and want her for your own good, and that she (being an angel, and so forth) is the one to lift you up to nearly perfection. You are just the kind of good young man to delight a prudent mother, and to make her daughter civil to the other suitor. If you know your own mind, propose at once, marry the girl, and invite the other fellow to your wedding.

DESPAIR, (Johnstown, Pa.)—Yes; we sympathize with you most heartily. There is nothing in the world that we can recall to mind that is half so provoking as when a gentleman leaves a young lady who is "madly in love with him," and "commences to go with a woman he knows" she detests. You beg us to tell you how you can find out whether this young man likes you or not. Well, we must confess that his conduct, as you describe it, is hardly compatible with real love. Still, the young man may like you better than he does anyone else. Perhaps you could get at the truth by accepting attentions from some other gentleman now and then.

M. G. R., (Bend, Ind.)—We hardly know what to suggest, but think the simple, straightforward plan the best. Just say that you cannot accept his attentions any longer. If he asks for the reason or reasons, as he doubtless will, give them candidly if you can, bearing in mind that it is woman's peculiar grace to have more than man's share of tenderness and mercy. 2. We would think a girl so jealous that she would not allow her lover to speak to another lady, might imagine she loved him passionately, but she would certainly have little faith in his constancy. In our theory of the tender passion, perfect faith and perfect love go together. Where there is not the highest confidence and trust, the love is always mixed with something base.

JENNIE, (Coudersport, Pa.)—The terms "lady" and "gentleman," as employed frequently by people who ought to know better, are more vulgarisms, although there is no fixed rule to go upon to determine when a man is a man or when he is a gentleman. And though he is far oftener termed the one than the other, he does not thereby lose his attributes of a gentleman. Tact and a sense of the fitness of things must decide such points. In common parlance, a man is always a man to a man, and never gentleman; to a woman he is occasionally a man and occasionally a gentleman; but a man would far oftener term a woman a woman than he would term her a lady. When a man makes use of an adjective in speaking of a lady he almost invariably calls her woman; as "she is an excellent woman," "a pretty woman," etc.

LET, (Camden, N. J.)—Specific gravity is the ratio of the weight of an equal volume of another which has been adopted as a standard of reference. For solids and liquids the standard of reference is pure water, at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, the barometer being at thirty inches. Air is the standard of reference for aeriform bodies. As a body immersed in water must displace its own bulk of the fluid, the specific gravity may be ascertained by introducing a body, after weighing it, into a suitable vessel exactly filled with water, and then weighing the fluid which is expelled. The proportional weight is by this means obtained. For example, suppose a cubic foot of water to weigh 1,000 ounces, and by the experiment a cubic foot of iron is found to weigh 7,200, the proportional weight, or specific gravity, is 7.2. That is it is seventy and two-tenths heavier than water. The specific gravity of a fluid substance is in fact nothing but its relative weight to water.

SCEPTIC, (Eagle Pass, Tex.)—We think your scepticism misled you in the present instance into error. It is the fact that sudden shocks occurring to men and women frequently change the color of the hair from black to white in a single night. We cannot for the moment recall the name of a woman to whom this has happened, but we can vouch that the following befell two men: A physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy, and less than middle-aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The next day there came a letter informing him that his daughter had been taken ill very suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely gray. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognized him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was of a man thirty-five years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, when he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued the body. Bending over it to try to restore life, he discovered that the dead child was his son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected, and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair completely white.

WILLIAM, (Allegheny, Pa.)—Yes; we believe a married couple should differ in their tastes; if one is extravagant, the other should be frugal; if both are good talkers and consequently bad listeners, conjugal conversation becomes blocked. The common possession of some special talent is singularly conducive to conjugal hot water. A famous French author once married a still more famous French authoress. Every auspice seemed to insure for them happiness for them for evermore. But on an unlucky day, the wife stumbled upon a copy of one of her works in which the husband had drawn the point of his pencil through all "the superfluous adjectives." An agony scene followed, and their bliss was blighted. We have heard it said of two excellent persons that they ought to marry each other because they are both "so religious;" but a male and female divine are even more likely to quarrel than an author and an authoress; two cats tied together by their tails and hung over a tight-rope would probably pass a more peaceful time. It may be urged that, at any rate, the marriage of two persons having excellent tempers and similar views must be conducive to happiness; but it must be allowed that the exquisite harmony of their married life, although highly admirable, may prove somewhat dull. There can be no doubt of the value of opposition, even in private affairs.